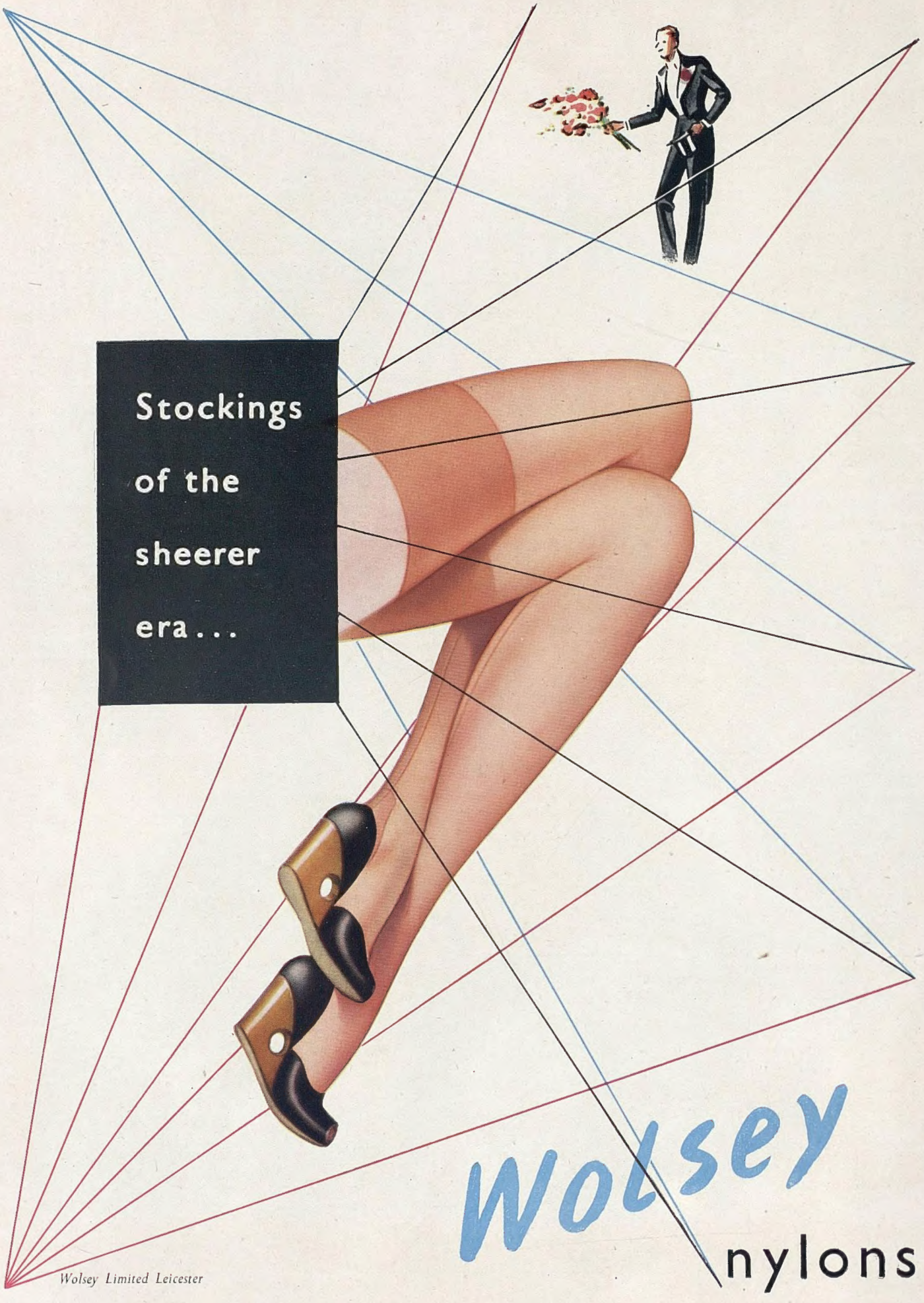
BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1948

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
DAY RUSSELL
NEIL BELL
JANE GORDON
"HISTORICAL ROMANCES" BY JACK MATTHEW

2/-

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS


Stockings
of the
sheerer
era...
Wolsey
nylons
Wolsey Limited Leicester

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 36 No. 5 MAY, 1948

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CONTENTS

Cover Design

by *Critchlow*

Articles

Uranium
by *Warren Armstrong* 13 and 51

King's Jester
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Decorations
by *Jack Matthew* 14–15 and 54

Should We Have A Tunnel Under The Channel
by *Alan Jenkins* 16 and 52

Holidays Abroad
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *Ray Tooby* 20 and 58

Historical Romances XIV
The Love Of An Empress
Written
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24

The Cottage Hunters
by *L. D. Hills* 25 and 61

Corsham Court
by *Lena Ramsden* 28–29 and 62

Home Section

Personally Yours 33

Where Clothes Are Born
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Knitting :
Lace Wool Cami-Knicks 36 and 64
Primrose Pullover 36 and 64

Dress :
by *Winifred Lewis* 37

Question Time In The House 38–39

Other Women's Husbands 40

In Search Of Glamour
by *Jane Gordon* 42 and 62

Is Anaesthesia Old-fashioned?
by *Len Chaloner* 43 and 68

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
You are Younger Than You Think 44–45 and 62
Styled To Suit Your Features 44 and 62
Eye Wrinkles 45

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Making Bread And Scones 46–47 and 61
Left-Over Vegetables 46–47
How To Roast A Boiling Fowl 46

Making A Lampshade 48

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 68

Stories

The Shadow Of A Dream
by *Mary Just*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 7–12 and 51

The Georgian Tantalus
by *Neil Bell*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 17–19 and 56

Miss Gulch And The Spy
by *Jacques Gillies*
Illustration
by *Powell* 26–27 and 64

Just A Touch Of Romance
by *Day Russell*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier* 30–32

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

'Thank goodness', she thinks, her mouth and teeth are sweet and fresh as only "Kolynos" can keep them. Each tooth shining like a pearl . . . . free from surface stains, polished to lovable lustre. Her whole mouth is fresh, deodorized and sweet because the pleasant, cleansing foam of "Kolynos" goes surging into nooks and crannies the brush cannot reach. She doesn't fear a 'close-up'. Why should she?

Keep THEM NICE WITH KOLYNOS TRADE MARK

"Kolynos" is concentrated — a half inch on a stiff brush is ample. Buy it in the large economy size, 2/5 (small size, 1/4½). Don't forget—always brush your teeth from the gum upwards and downwards.

What is a good eye-lotion?

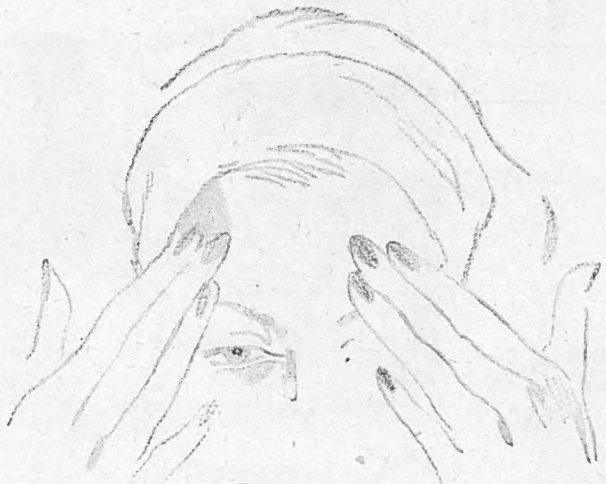
(1) It is a lotion approved by oculists, doctors and opticians.
(2) It is one which is prepared under the careful aseptic conditions of the laboratory.
(3) It is *kind to the eyes*—like their own natural fluid.
(4) It can safely be used for all eyes of all ages at all times.
(5) It is a lotion that your eyes can go on using—*with pleasure.*

5 good reasons for using

Optrex

the

eye lotion



Proud Beauty . .

Don't let your skin echo the conditions of today. Be aware of the devastating effect excessive dryness has upon its youthful pliancy, and pamper it with **SPECIAL DRY SKIN MIXTURE.** Used at night, regularly, this luxurious emollient combats flaky-dryness, keeps your skin wrinkle-free and helps you achieve a proud, cared-for beauty. Special Dry Skin Mixture should be used with Cleansing Cream 683 and Orange Flower Skin Lotion.

Dorothy Gray

Regd.

SALON AT 32 NEW BOND ST.

Telephone Mayfair 6496 for Treatment Appointments

Hershelle's
Spring Coat in fine worsted Crepe—
Tucked and trim—
typical of the trend today.

★ *Look for the* **HERSHELLE** *label.*

The Duke of Lancaster dines with the King of Portugal.
—from an Illuminated Ms. 1387.

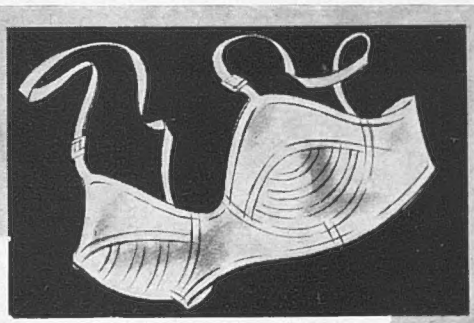
Whenever there was hospitality, good company, and a well stocked establishment, there would of course be a handsome display of Irish linen to match the occasion. One day, not too far off, beautiful Irish Linen will be available again—enough to please every housewife who covets it now.

IRISH * LINEN

for the well-appointed home

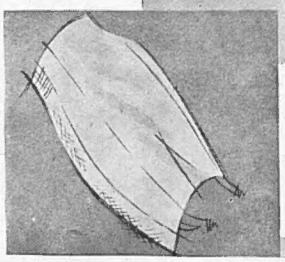
IRISH LINEN

ISSUED BY THE IRISH LINEN GUILD



A-B-C-D as easy as that.
Four fittings in every size Brassiere.
A for small bust, B for average,
C for large and D if you're a little larger still. Designed in every size for perfect fitting and beautiful line.

Le Gant "STA-UP-TOP",
the girdle with a smooth waist-line that just can't roll over!



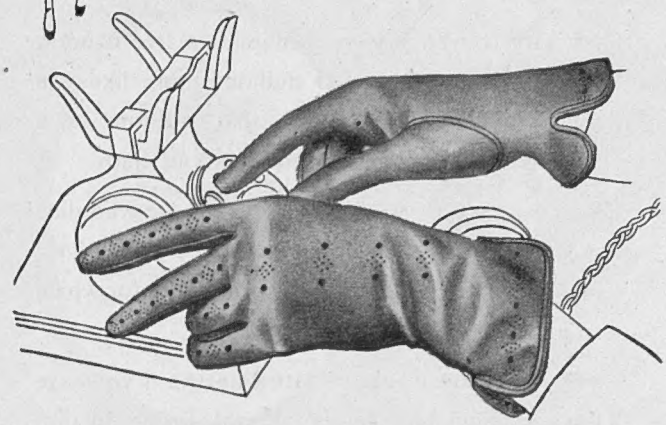
Warner's LE GANT

Now in limited distribution.

Charles Creed

chooses Dent's Gloves

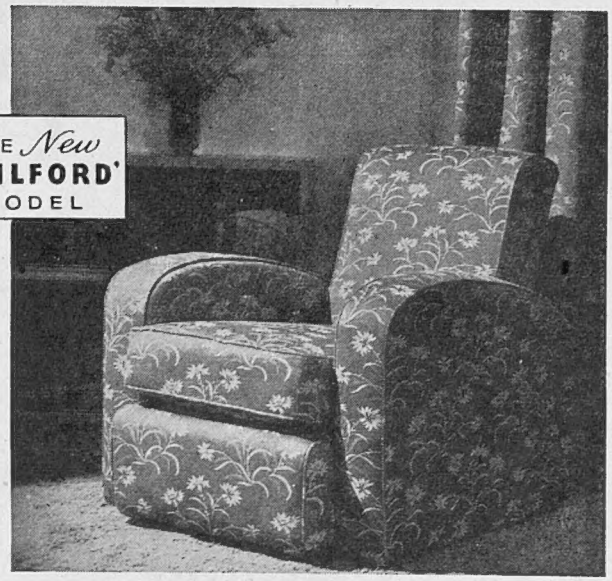
for this strictly *comme il faut ensemble militaire. . . .* Thus a master completes a masterpiece.



Piqûre pattern—artfully attracting—graces the fingers and backs of these model gloves by DENT'S

DENT'S GLOVES

Hand in Glove with Style for over 150 years



THE *New* 'FRILFORD' MODEL

MINTY *chairs again without permits*

A full sized lounge—softly sprung and equal to anything we produced in pre-war days. Entirely new and improved methods of construction. Settees also in two sizes.

Send for illustrated folder & full particulars

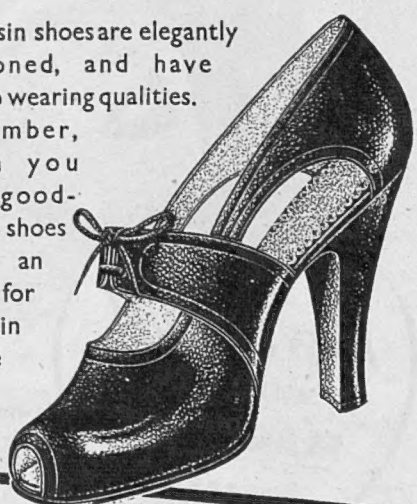
Dept. B: MINTY LIMITED, 44/45 HIGH ST., OXFORD

London Showrooms: 123 Victoria Street, S.W.1

---

designed to endure

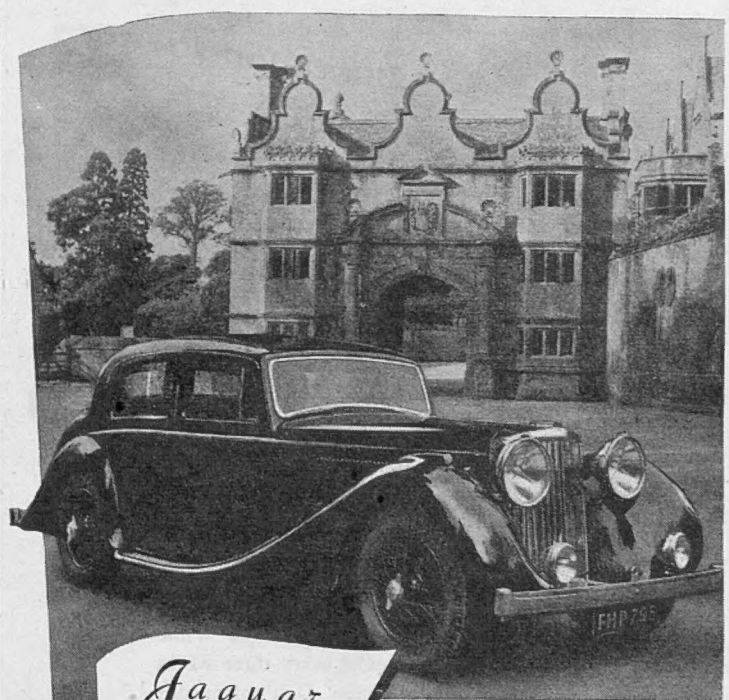
Moccasin shoes are elegantly fashioned, and have superb wearing qualities. Remember, when you want good-looking shoes that are an investment for coupons, ask for Moccasin shoes. Please choose from styles in stock.



MOCCASIN

shoes for men and women

29-Y MOCCASIN SHOEMAKERS • NORTHAMPTON



Jaguar

This unusual gatehouse to lovely 17th Century Stanway House, Glos. was designed by Inigo Jones.

Occupying a unique position in British Motoring, the Jaguar, at the same time, enjoys universal approval. Tangible evidence of this has been given at the Paris, Geneva and Brussels Exhibitions as well as throughout the Empire and the Americas. Jaguar Cars are naturally proud of their success in Britain's export drive. Jaguar Cars Limited, Holbrook Lane, Coventry.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. The King
McVitie & Price Ltd.

The Expression of Excellence

McVITIE & PRICE'S

BISCUITS

Made by McVitie & Price Ltd · Edinburgh · London · Manchester

A word in your ear

ARE YOU THINKING of cashing some of your savings and spending the money? Well, it is your money and you can spend it if you like.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Britain is a free country to-day, because you and millions more like you toiled and suffered to win that freedom as a heritage for your children and theirs to enjoy.

SO YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF, to those who died in war, and to their children, not to use your money in any way that will jeopardise the future for which so high a price was paid.

YOU WILL JEOPARDISE THE FUTURE if you save less and spend more before the battle for production is finally won. So — a word in your ear — *are you still going to cash those savings?*

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Plant for Plenty—

and enjoy with

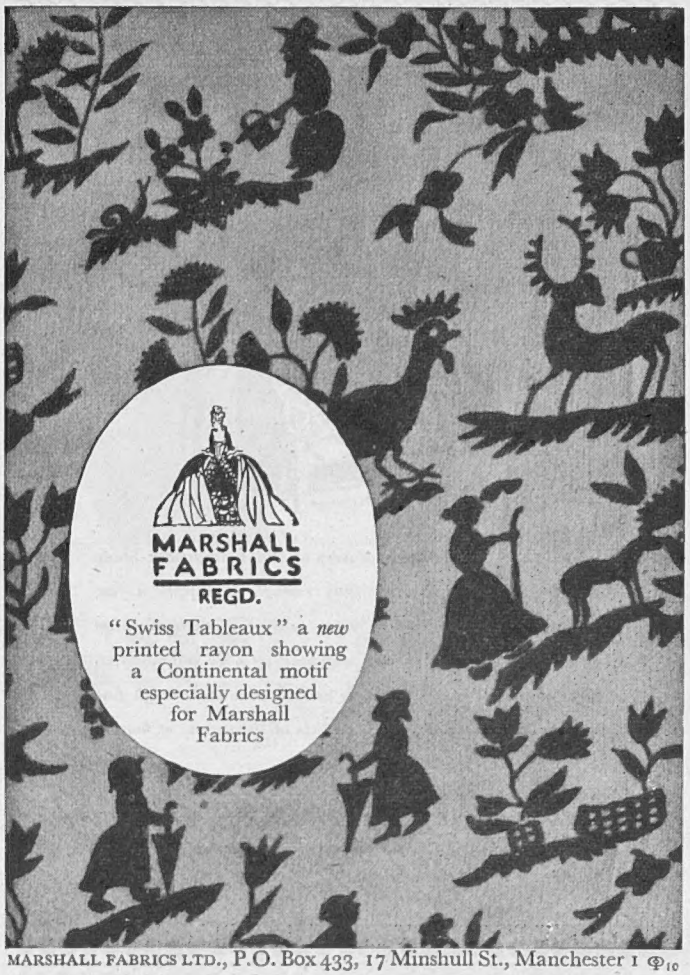
A 15 ft. row of Lettuces every fortnight should be enough for two or three people. Radishes must be used young — sow a small patch every two weeks and sow White Lisbon Onions every three weeks for pulling green. Don't plant your Tomatoes out until danger of frost is past — at least until the end of May — unless you can protect them with cloches.

The delicious flavour and nourishing goodness of Heinz Salad Cream turn a salad into a main meal.

All eyes on the girl with the *magnesia smile!* Such sparkling white teeth. Such healthy pink gums. Such sweet breath.

Only Phillips' Dental Magnesia can give you that magnesia smile because only this toothpaste contains "Milk of Magnesia' which many dentists advise for neutralizing harmful mouth acids.

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*


MARSHALL
FABRICS
REGD.
"Swiss Tableaux" a new printed rayon showing a Continental motif especially designed for Marshall Fabrics

MARSHALL FABRICS LTD., P.O. Box 433, 17 Minshull St., Manchester 1 Ⓟ10

A lovely skin is clean
— deep clean

Thoroughly cleanse the skin with firm upward-outward strokes of cotton wool well soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

Remove surplus Cleansing Milk with dry cotton wool or soft cleansing tissue. Now you are ready to make up.

During the day whenever your skin needs refreshing, use Anne French Cleansing Milk and look your best.

Because it is so finely emulsified, Anne French Cleansing Milk penetrates DEEP into your pores to clear away the tiny specks of dust, so often the cause of skin blemishes.

Anne French

CLEANSING MILK

Price 3/4 *including Purchase Tax. Large size* 7/8

A beauty treatment in the Anne French Bond Street Salon provides a tonic interval in a busy day. ½ hr., 10/6. ¾ hr., 15/6. 1 hr., 21/-.

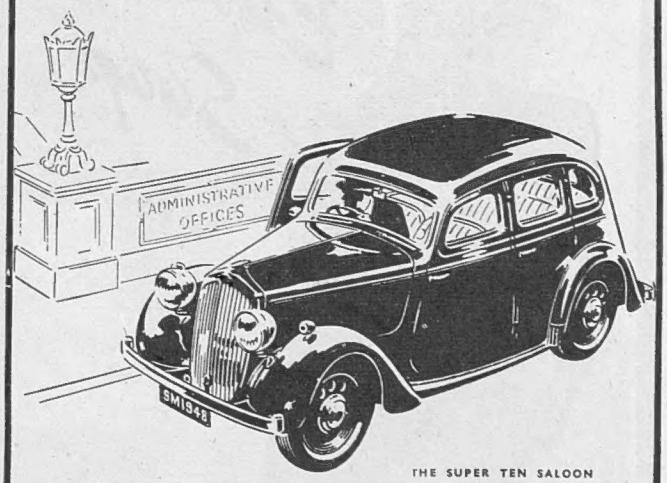
5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Britain's Finest Brassiere

KESTOS REGD.

Wholesale only: KESTOS LTD., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.1

The man in the Singer is the man in the know



THE SUPER TEN SALOON

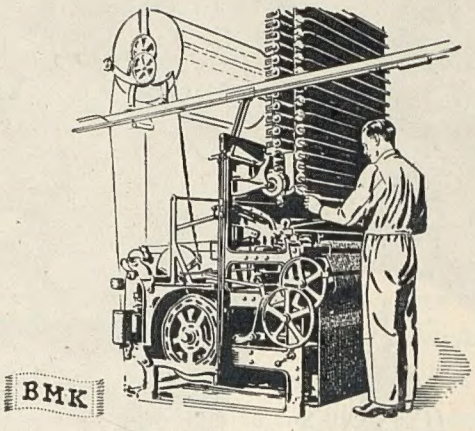
There are three Singers—the Nine, the Ten and the Twelve. Each, as the car-wise have known for some time, is more than commonly well worth waiting for.

SINGER MOTORS

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD

[NCC 681]



The cottage weavers of Old Kilmarnock made very beautiful carpets, but only enough to supply a few favoured homes. By testing every type of modern machine against the primitive looms and keeping only the best features of the old crafts, we were able to produce enough fine carpets every week to meet the needs of thousands of homes.

Blackwood Morton Kilmarnock

PY 23/96/60

. PROTECTIVE NECESSITIES

Looking back . . . it used to be unthinkable to be without the protection of Kleinert's Sanitary Garments for special wear. And now, once again the simple well-cut 'Santalettes' are easier to come by. Belts too—of quality and design such as only Kleinerts make — are gradually reappearing. For your own comfort and protection insist on having Kleinert's.

If it's Kleinert's it is Guaranteed

From all good Drapers, Stores and Boots the Chemists

SANTALETTES · BELTS · ETC

New!
GOR-RAY
Registered
Non-Utility
Fashioned from hundreds of fine materials — checks, pinheads, stripes, etc — notice the clever waistband.
Your local stockist will have a good selection
ONLY
3 GNS
GOR-RAY
SKIRTS ONE BETTER
Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

PRECIOUS RUBY

Gala LIPSTICK

A fabulous colour

deepest, darkest, ruby

a-flame with blue fire

Smoother than velvet . . .

to curtain your lips with magic

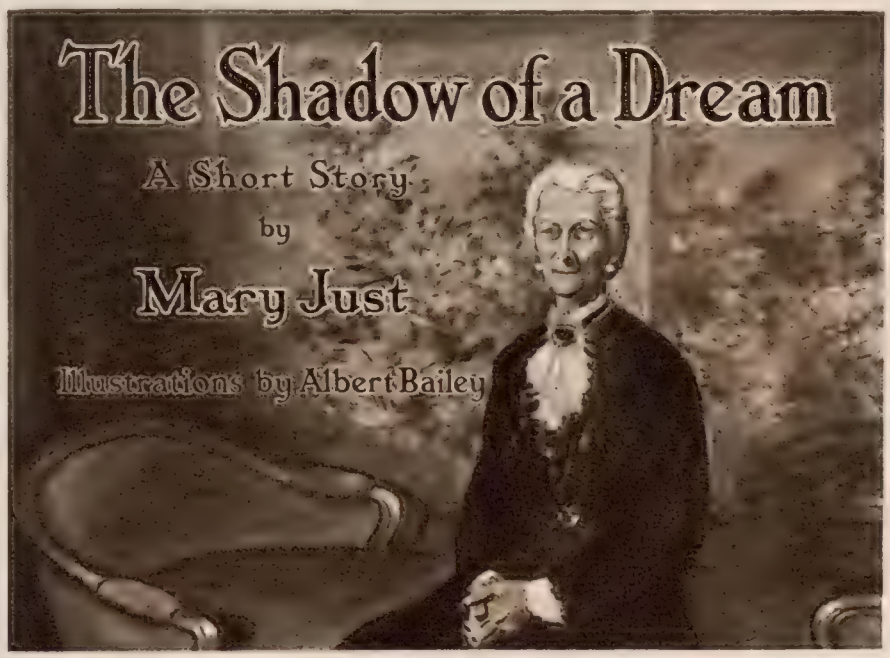
Royal, rich, romantic — Precious Ruby

OTHER LIPSTICK COLOURS: Cock's Comb; Lantern Red; Heart Red; Heavenly Pink; Blaze; Chestnut; Red Bunting; Ballet Pink; Cyclamen; Red Sequin; Sea Coral

AND POWDER SHADES: Cherub; Lotus; Nectarine; Honey; Rio; Sarong. Also face creams, make-up foundations and other preparations

SEE ALL THE GALA SHADES AT THE GALA SHOP, 48-49 BURLINGTON ARCADE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

I'd played around good and proper when I was in the W.R.N.S., and what I hadn't learned about men was hardly worth the learning



MY mother was French, and when we were children we always spent the summer holidays with her own mother, who had a villa near Le Touquet. The idea was that we should learn to speak French, but as Grandmamma prided herself on her English, that language was nearly always spoken. She had certain delightful phrases which became stock family jokes. "Oh, but that is an infamy!" was one of them. "*Mais c'est infame, ça!*" Anything was an infamy, from dinner being late to her granddaughters going dancing with young men to whom she had not been personally introduced. I remember quite well the first time I ever heard her say it, or at least the first time it made any impression on me. She was staying with us in England, and she and Mother and I were out walking, when we passed a very ugly Victorian-looking house which "gave," as they say, on a very ugly Victorian-looking street. On the door-posts the name of the house was painted in black on bilious yellow, "Bella Vista." Grandmamma stood quite still and looked at it. "'Bella Vista,'" she said at last. "That means 'beautiful view.' Oh, no, no, no. But that is an infamy."

Mother laughed. She had married our English father at eighteen, and was far more English than French. "No, *Maman*," she said, "you can't say that to call a house 'Bella Vista,' even when there isn't a vista, is an infamy."

"I repeat and affirm that it is an infamy," said Grandmamma.

We came to use the expression constantly. When a boy-friend rang up to say he couldn't make it, as happens to us all now and then, we used to say, after hanging up, "Oh, but that is an infamy." When one of us bought a new hat, and the others didn't like it, they said in forthright tones, "Sorry, darling, but it 's an infamy." We adored Grandmamma, and we loved her funny ways.

She had another saying which has stuck by me all through my life—or, at least, as far as I 've got. It was translated straight from the French. "Oh, but that one does not do."

When one reached out and grabbed at a piece of cake; when one came to meals with unwashed hands; when one answered rudely; and later on, when one came in at midnight after having promised to be back on the dot of eleven, Grandmamma would look at one with her big, dark eyes, so lovely and luminous in her pale face, and say very quietly, "But that one does not do." And if one were wise, one didn't—at any rate, not while one was staying with Grandmamma.

She must have been very beautiful, for even in her old age she had a slender, upright figure, a smooth, clear skin, and hair like snow-white silk, so carefully was it brushed and groomed. She always wore black, except in the very hot summer, when she used to go into white silk gowns with a delicate printing of black flowers or ferns over them.

We heard very little of her during the war. Mother was terribly unhappy and worried, although just twice there came, through the Red Cross, a letter in her thin, precise old handwriting. She was well, she said, and still permitted to live in her villa, "although," she added in the first of the two letters, "I have it not entirely to myself, for there are guests, you understand. Of these I might write at more length, but . . . they are guests, and that one does not do."

We understood that her guests were Germans.

I WAS the only one of the three of us left unmarried when peace came. Perhaps "left unmarried" isn't quite the way to put it, because I 'd played around good and proper when I was in the W.R.N.S., and what I hadn't learned

about men was hardly worth the learning. I knew that I was very pretty; it 's no use being over-modest, and when you look in the glass and like what you see there, the odds are that other people will do the same about you. But I wasn't married. Perhaps I 'd played around too much.

When we really got in touch with Grandmamma again, Mother hurtled across to see her at the earliest opportunity, and came back declaring that she had hardly changed at all. She was a lot thinner, and very pale, but she had always been pale, and although her gowns were all patched, they were patched beautifully, and she wore them with the same " air." She was now eighty-eight, but she still had that quiet, ageless charm which one sees in the immortal paintings and statues of bygone days.

" She 's very much worried," said Mother, laughing, " because you aren't married, Rosemary. She says she never thought any granddaughter of hers would be single at twenty-seven."

" I hope you told her I 'd no' been a'together negleckit," said I, frivolously, remembering the old Scots tale.

" I told her you 'd been chased by dozens of men," said Mother, " but she just said ' It is time we arranged a marriage, as she seems unable to do this for herself.' "

" Well, I 'm damned ! " said I. " That *is* an infamy."

" Well, darling, do you really want to go on playing around for ever ? There 's that very nice Major Cheyne. He 's terribly in love with you, and he 'd make a sweet husband."

" He wears an eyeglass," I objected feebly.

" Not in—I mean, not all the time," said Mother, who was definitely a human being. Our other grandmother, who was very English, and " county," used to say of her that dear Marie had some ideas that were " just a *little* Latin, if you understand me." She went on now, " I do really think that you ought to consider him, Rosemary. He 's so nice, and so good-looking, and he worships the ground you tread on."

" I don't think I could live up to him."

" Well, darling, what *do* you want ? " asked Mother sensibly. " Someone who 'll beat you, or who brings ' other women ' to the house, or what ? "

" It 's so—so—the end of everything. And I don't love him."

" Exactly," said Mother, producing one of her " rather Latin " views. " That 's just why you 'll probably be very happy with him. It 's always so easy to tackle a man when one isn't in love, and so difficult the moment one is. You must have learned that. I 'm all for arranged marriages—on the girl's side, anyhow. People call it cold-blooded, and so forth, but it 's what we all come to, in any case. Oh, yes, we do—a sort of delightful, passionate friendship. Unmarried people never can understand that. They want the stars, and stars don't fill the grate, nor warm the room. It 's firelight that does that—pleasant, homely firelight. You think over Major Cheyne, darling. You 're going to stay with Grandmamma next week. Now, my advice is, tell him you 'll give him his answer when you return, and think it well over while you 're away."

I asked her a straight question.

" Did you marry for love, Mother ? "

" No," said Mother, without batting an eyelid, " but your father did, and look how happy we are. It must be an awful moment when you think you 've married the Apollo Belvedere, and then find that he likes onions and you don't." Then she quoted the well-known French saying: " *Il y a toujours l'un qui baise, et l'autre qui tend la joue.* Be sensible, Rosemary, and be the one who leans the cheek; not the one who kisses."

I chewed it all over and over, and when Dickie Cheyne came to take me out to dinner and dance some days later, I said to him : " Would you really like to marry a girl who isn't a bit in love with you, Dickie ? "

He made the time-honoured reply: "I 'll teach you to love me if you 'll only say 'yes.' "

"There 's moss and lichen on that idea," said I. "Suppose you can't ? "

"Gimme a chance to try."

"Well, I 'm going to visit Grandmamma at Le Touquet next week. If I don't fall in love over there, I 'll be engaged to you and see how it works." And, before he could pounce, as the glitter in his eye warned me he was about to do, I added hastily, "I might, easily, you know."

"With a *Frenchman* ? " said Dickie.

"Oh, Rule, Britannia, to you," I said.

"Besides, you 've managed to fall in love with half a Frenchwoman yourself ! "

He grinned at that.

"Come and dance," he said. "You 'd better be getting used to having my arm round you. It 'll happen quite a lot."

I let him kiss me in the taxi going home. Oh, I 'm not saying he didn't do it very well. He did.

NEXT week I went over to France on a filthy day, with a howling wind and seas breaking right over the decks. Luckily, I 'm never seasick, so I found myself a little nook on the lee side, wrapped myself in my rug, and rather enjoyed it. There was a very good-looking creature sitting near me, tall and tanned, with dark grey eyes, black lashes and black hair. He smiled at me when the ship pitched badly, and I smiled back. When she pitched a bit worse, he pulled his chair closer to mine and asked: "Feeling all right ? "

"Never better, thanks."

"Great. I 've some whisky in my flask if you care for a nip." Then he laughed. "Not that you look as if you needed it."

"I don't, but one doesn't always refuse a thing just because one doesn't need it."

"How terribly true. Well, life would be dull if one did, wouldn't it ? "

"It would be all planned and prefabbed," I agreed. "So I 'll have a nip, thank you, even though I 'm not seasick."

He poured it out with some difficulty and held it out to me. I raised it.

"*Bonne santé, M'sieu.*"

He smiled at me. He had the most devastating smile.

"To the things we don't need, but . . . want."

"I wonder what you mean by that ? "

"Oh, no, you don't. Do you know that I saw you at Victoria ? And *didn't* follow you into the train ? And when you came round that cabin and settled yourself here by me I just said to myself, 'Charles, my lad, you made a fight, but you 're whacked before you began.' "

I attempted to look sedate, but it was no good. My heart was pounding in the most ridiculous fashion. One does know, I said to myself, one *does* know when it 's the right one.

"As you 've got it all thought out," I said aloud, "there doesn't seem to be much for me to say."

"No, but quite a lot for you to do ! " he answered.

The wind was making such a noise that it was really difficult to talk, and he just slipped his hand under the rug and took hold of mine. I 'd never noticed before that the sea was made of mother-of-pearl, and diamonds and silver, but I did that day. I just sat there feeling his big, warm hand holding mine as though he 'd never let it go, and I wouldn't have cared if the ship had gone down and drowned the lot of us. Now . . . I rather wish it had !

When it was nearly time to go ashore he said: "Where are you going ? "

"Le Touquet."

"My God, so am I ! " he said, looking at me as though his eyes were kissing

When Dickie Cheyne came to take me out to dinner and dance some days later, I said to him, "Would you really like to marry a girl who isn't a bit in love with you, Dickie ? "

every inch of me. "I 'm staying with friends on my way back to the Army of the Rhine. Had to go over to England on business for a couple of days. You must tell me your address and I 'll come and see you. What 's your name ? "

"Rosemary," I said. Somehow I never even thought of the surname part of it.

"Perfect. Mary for the big, sad eyes, and Rose for the naughty little mouth. It 's like a cherry—a cherry that shouldn't be kept too long."

"And your name is Charles. I heard you say so, while back."

"Charlie is your darling," he said impudently. "Just tell me so, before these yelling lunatics come aboard for our luggage."

We were standing leaning over the ship's rail now, watching the wet, grey, windswept port apparently drifting nearer and nearer towards us.

"We 're both quite mad," I said.

"Love is like that, Rosemary."

"I know."

His arm came round me and held me close, and so we stood, until it was time to disembark. Later we had a spot of food together, and then Charles unearthed an aged car to drive us to Le Touquet. I 'll never forget that drive along the coast road. It was still raining, and everything outside looked rather drear, but inside the car we sat very close together behind the driver's tactful back, Charles's arm holding me tightly, and I wouldn't like to say how often he kissed me. The drive was too short. All the lovely things in life are so short. We talked a little, but not very much. Once he said, "Love is a terrible thing, a burning thing, Rosemary."

I laughed a little, and quoted the old song. "No, 'Love is a dancing thing.'"

"Not to me."

His eyes, dark and bright, looked tortured. I nestled closer to him, not that that took much doing, because I was about as close as could be already.

"Why should this have happened to us ? It 's silly. It 's ridiculous. We don't even know each other's surnames."

"Oh, that 'll come later, when we 've met other people and are being polite," he said impatiently. "All that matters now is that you should feel just the way I feel. You do, don't you ? "

"Tell me how you feel and I 'll tell you."

"I can't, except with my lips on yours."

"Tell it that way, then," I whispered, and after that we didn't speak any more until we were on the outskirts of Le Touquet. I was simply drugged. At last he raised his lips from mine and said : "I 'd better tell him where to take you, darling. Where does your grandmother live ? "

"The Villa des Abeilles," I said, "just this side of the Casino. She 's Madame de Lery."

"*Good God !*" he exclaimed.

He jerked himself upright and away from me.

"What is it, darling ? " I asked drowsily.

"*Oh,*" he said, making a sort of gesture as though he threw in his hand. That was all. It was as if the situation were simply beyond any words; which, indeed, it was, as I discovered very quickly. While I still gazed at him, bewildered, the car slowed down before the gates of Grandmamma's villa.

"Why, Charles, how in the world did he know ? " I exclaimed.

Charles looked simply all in. He said listlessly : "I told him, when I hired him, way back in Boulogne."

"But—you didn't know yourself ? "

It was at that moment that the doors were flung open and there stood Grandmamma, darling Grandmamma. At the sight of her, after all these years, I forgot even Charles for one second, springing out of the car and running up the steps, to be caught in her loving embrace.

"Grandmamma—oh, Grandmamma ! "

She answered me, as of old, in her neat, precise English.

(*Continued on page* 51)

We were standing leaning over the ship's rail now, watching the wet, grey, windswept port apparently drifting nearer and nearer towards us

(*On left*) A genera view o f Jadotville which is the centre of the Union Miniere of the Haut-Katanga. This company controls the entire production and extraction of copper, tin, cobalt, of which the Katanga is the world's principal supplier, and also zinc, uranium, iron, gold, platinum and diamonds

Uranium

Treasure Chest Of The Dark Continent

By Warren Armstrong

(*Above*) The residence of the Governor of Elisabethville, the Belgian Congo province, founded in 1910 and named after the Queen of the Belgians. Elisabethville, the capital of the province, has fine buildings and amenities as are found in the towns of South Africa

Natives being inoculated against disease by trained native assistants at a dispensary in North Katanga

THE laboratory rest-room was quiet until someone said: "America's raising the ante on uranium ore. Seventy-five per cent on the present price. . . ."

"And that is——?" asked somebody else.

"£1,000 a ton, taxed heavily, too. Seems a lot of money——"

"And isn't it worth it? Think of what man *might* do with an almost unlimited supply of the precious stuff; why—he could transform the world. Give us perpetual peace, prosperity. Perhaps perfection. . . ." The professor, white-haired, well known, used his reading-glass for a bookmark, closed the treatise he had been studying, and regarded me over the top of his bifocals.

". . . or—blow himself sky-high!" Someone else laughed, grimly.

". . . so, if America feels justified in a mild cornering of the market *for the good of the world*, why not?" concluded the professor.

I scented a story. And when we were alone in the rest-room, I propounded my simple theory; I said: "So, it would turn on the final question of make-or-break?"

The professor winced.

"Very crudely, yes. You know, the world's still young, even though we have more than mere traces that a civilization existed nearly 18 million years ago. . . ."

"Was that when all this really started?"

"Hardly. . . ." He closed his eyes, as if he would summon the centuries before him in fantastic cavalcade. "No, for this particular purpose we need go no further back than the close of the last Ice Age, when the Egyptians began using copper for their statues. Copper which came, without doubt, from Central African mines." He reached for an atlas, turned the pages, placed his forefinger squarely on a pinpoint. "Very probably, *here*."

"The mines must have been worked as long ago as 3,000 B.C. by prehistoric men, far advanced technically, who excavated the ore veins with primitive tools, and blasted the ore-containing rock by an elementary process of heat-with-cold-water. So it was not surprising their fame travelled across continent and ocean; it attracted slave-raiders who pillaged the primitive villages, seizing the younger women, then returning to loot the natural treasure. It was the inexorable law of demand and supply, which so often leads to war. . . ."

"But was this treasure uranium?" I was impatient. The bifocals moved reprovingly, and I apologized.

"About the middle of last century," he continued, "an explorer was struck by the fact that the natives in this area had an astonishing wealth of ornaments made of copper, bronze and a mineral which he could not define."

"And this time it *was* the real thing?" I made no attempt at apology.

"Precisely," conceded the professor. "You see, in 1899 Robert Williams, assistant to Cecil Rhodes, sent another expedition into the district. They discovered enormous reserves of mineral wealth. But, as so often happened in British history, the expedition arrived too late; a Belgian expedition—ironically enough led by an Englishman—had already claimed the western part of the district in the name of Leopold II.

"It was another step, an important one, in the development of Central Africa; it ended in a race between Belgians from the Congo, Portuguese from the east, British from the south. And the Belgian industrialists were first to risk opening up these new-found treasure chests. It *was* a risk, too. (*Continued on page* 51)

King's

IF world war three broke tomorrow (which heaven forbid), future archæologists would make a puzzling discovery as they probed the ruins of our world: the Anglo-Saxons died laughing.

The news stories and tax returns they dug up would proclaim it. The archives of the radio stations and the pictorial record would underline it. Perplexedly, they'd pore over polls which showed that the two most popular Britons were a brace of Tommies, Trinder and Handley, and that in America comics easily monopolized the top radio ratings, Frank Sinatra rating about nine against the twenty-five to thirty of Fred Allen, Bob Hope and Fibber McGee.

They'd find that just prior to the rape of Czechoslovakia and the reintroduction of the military draft in America, London went mad over a man named Danny Kaye. What was he, with that face and figure—a matinée idol over whom women swooned? On the contrary, he was a clamorous comic who convulsed 'em with laughter, largely by pantomime and noise antics learnt while entertaining audiences who couldn't understand English.

Citizens crowded out, thronged to another show where two clowns were laying 'em in the aisles with such joke scenes as a stork dropping a baby on a woman supposed to be in labour, and a girl in a chastity belt being chased across stage by a comedian with a blow torch.

The files of the film factories would add to the evidence. Romantic heroes were being ousted as crowd favourites by the clowns. Eleanor Powell, a stunning dancer, succumbs to the charms of Red Skelton, a crazy loon. José Iturbi, a famous pianist, going on the movies, has to mix boogie-woogie with Beethoven and Bach, and raise some additional laughs by a little jesting. Garbo, the solemn Swede, who enchanted the world, goes on the junk heap, and all the girls try to look and act like the new siren, a pop-eyed comedienne with coltish legs named Lucille Ball.

Charlie Chaplin in a scene from *The Gold Rush*. He makes only one picture every three years

THE researchers might well gasp as they uncovered the money end of the story. Old-time kings fed and housed their jesters well; but the new monarch, "we, the people," tossed them largesse until they were boosted into the highest tax brackets. Tommy Trinder had an income so large that he used hunks of it to plaster the town with huge posters advertising himself: a legitimate tax deduction. Max Miller worked only at intervals: otherwise, with tax running from 17s. to 19s. 6d. in the £, he'd have made himself practically a nationalized institution. Charlie Chaplin makes only one picture every three years: he couldn't afford to earn so much money oftener, not with millionaires' incomes taxed on an annual basis. Top gag men working for radio comics in America drew £500 a week.

The most astonishing things were being done to provoke or compel laughs. A man with a savage expression was at a symphony concert one day when some ape banged a paper bag. People involuntarily laughed. Spike Jones observed this and applied his discovery. He organized a band to murder music. When the pattern of the "Moonlight Sonata" or Tosti's "Goodbye" was rent by intermittent gunshots, fire sirens, howls and the crash of breaking china, dance-restaurant and night-club audiences burst into lunatic howls of laughter. They packed the music-massacre sessions until, in a very short time, Spike was a dollar millionaire.

Seeking an explanation, the future researchers would probably be as baffled as are contemporary students of the phenomenon. I talked to a sociologist, who thought the whole thing symptomatic of crowd hysteria. I also talked to a pathologist, who thought it a symptom of public health—worried citizens were finding a natural escape vent through laughter. The only certainty is that the citizenry want to laugh so badly they will pay high, and queue and scramble, for their laughter.

The high pay is a competitive, and not a fixed or fancy price. For laugh-raising is a difficult art. It is also a complex and costly technique to-day. There was a time when Shaw could throw off a laugh line, "Not bloody likely!" and make it last for seasons, and the first Lord Dewar, whisky magnate, a dour man in private life who used

(*Below*) Tommy Handley as the mayor in the Gainsborough picture *It's That Man Again*

Jester

Laugh Raising Is A Difficult Art. It Is Also A Complex And Costly Technique To-day

By C. Patrick Thompson

Danny Kaye. A clamorous comic who convulsed Londoners with laughter

wit and humour in public for business reasons—it provided word-of-mouth advertising for his brand of liquor and brought in orders—could lunch and dine around for years and not wear out such quips as: "I knew a young woman of Colchester, she ate so many oysters her bosom rose and fell with the tide." But the jesters can't get away with that now.

The radio jesters need fifty-two new shows a year each, and once they have used a line, it's dead. Reckon that out in totals, and especially for America, which has half a dozen top comic shows—and you'll find that to make the millions laugh, and keep them laughing regularly, the radio jesters need a constant stream of new stories and situations, gags and quips, maybe twenty thousand new laugh lines a year. A whole specialized industry caters for their need.

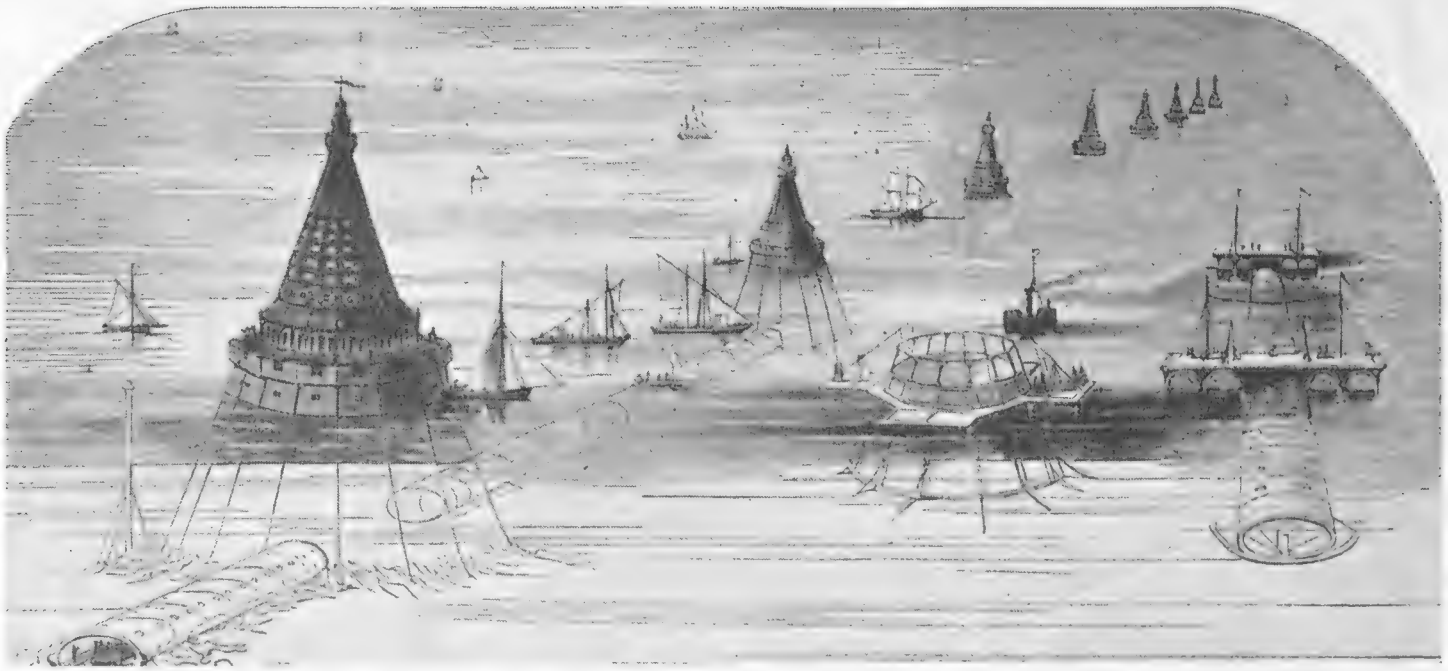
Look at the *Itma* manufacturing process, which has been going on uninterruptedly for nearly ten years now. Six days before the show comes on the air Ted Kavanagh, a New Zealander who looks like a cherubic Lord Horder—he was a medical student in his youth—sits down with pen and paper, and starts hunting an idea. It comes in time, and from that point it develops naturally, with bits and pieces budding off and blossoming as lines for flanking and background characters, Mrs. Mopp and the Colonel, Signor So-and-So and Mr. Whatsisname. The technician works largely by a process of auto-suggestion, one thing leading to another, and by a play on word sounds. "Shabbily" suggests "Chablis." That's something for the Colonel to pick up. "Divine woman" can be twisted into "divan woman." Signor So-and-So can raise a laugh with that one. "Hook, line and sinker" is a natural for "hook, line and stinker." Let Tommy, the star, put that one over.

It's an economical technique for getting laughs. You need a technique when you have to work for laughs regularly and to a time schedule. Producer Worsley and comedian Handley are waiting. They get the draft script next day and all sit down to work it over. That takes another full day, adding, cutting, revising, developing. The third day the cast get the script. Writer and producer wait anxiously to see if it gets any laughs. They don't want them, for it's the same with radio as in the theatre: if the cast laughs at the jokes and thinks the show great, the effect on the audience is likely to be exactly the opposite. Writer Kavanagh bows out, Worsley takes over, rehearsals start, and, with maybe the introduction of a last-moment topical gag, the show is ready four days later for delivery from station to audience by the magic of electronics.

THE Americans operate on a larger and more elaborate scale. Jack Benny is the Ted Kavanagh of a team of four plus a script girl. His show runs an hour, and to fill it he starts work on the next show immediately after the one he's finished Sunday on night at eight. The team doesn't break up until the new draft is complete. They rest Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday they work separately on pieces of the draft, Thursday they meet to integrate the pieces, Saturday is finishing and rehearsal day, and Sunday they run a final rehearsal before going on the air.

Benny has been doing it for sixteen years. A considerable feat. He eases the strain by adopting a closely developed jester character. In private life a shrewd, pleasant fellow, he has created a radio Benny who is a (*Continued on page* 54)

(*On right*) Jack Benny all dressed up for a sequence in Ernst Lubitsch's *To Be Or Not To Be*



In 1851, a Frenchman named Hector Horeau produced this plan for a Channel Tunnel. It was to be built of gigantic iron gas-lit tubes in sections linked up by a chain of lighthouses (to prevent ships from damaging the tube with their anchors). The cost, staggering in those days, would be £87 million

Should We Have A

Tunnel Under The Channel?

By Alan Jenkins

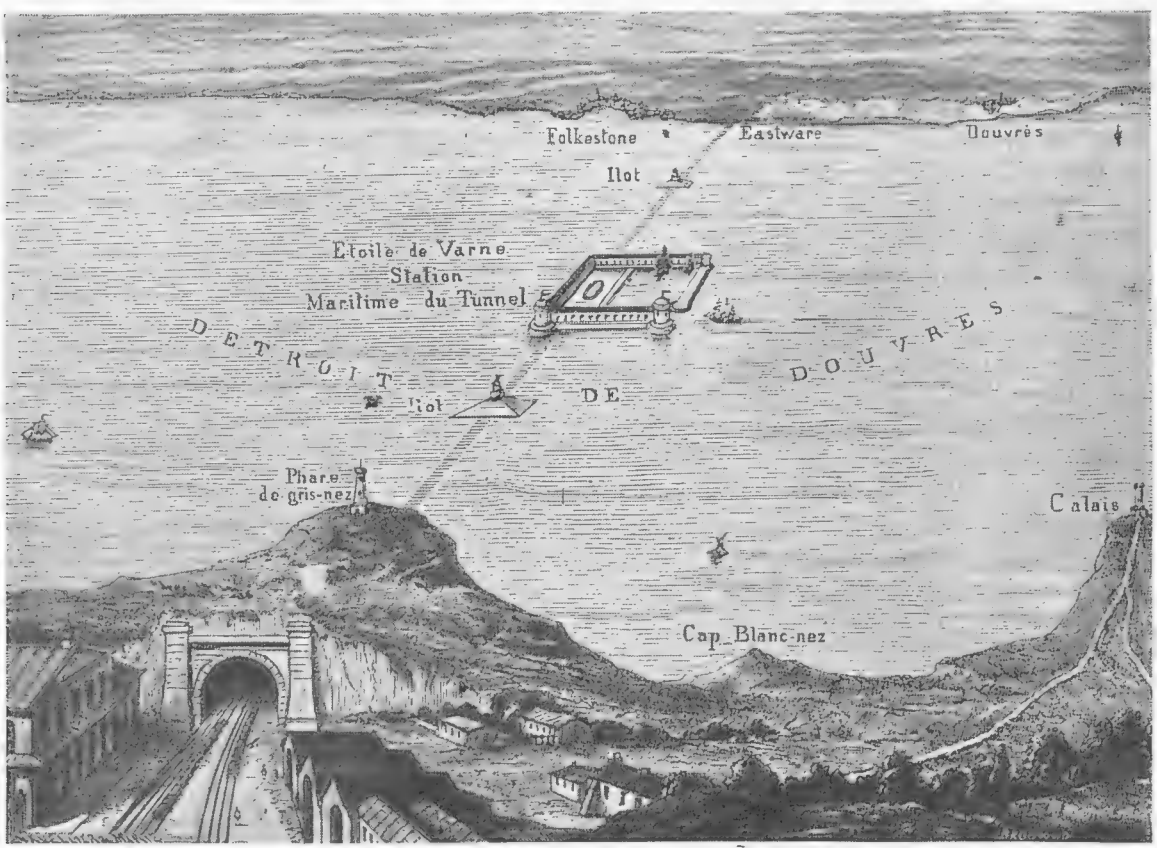
IT is 180 years since Mr. Duckworth, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, first threw out his suggestion that "many who journey to France pray that men may one day emulate the lowly mole and burrow their way to distant lands . . . unheeding the waves that thunder far above them."

He was of course thinking of *mal de mer* as a deterrent to making the Grand Tour; and the history of the Channel Tunnel, about which the British Government has been making up its mind for a century and a half, shows that the overriding argument in favour of the Tunnel is still: "anything is better than seasickness."

To-day the Channel Tunnel Company still exists—sixty-six years old. After sinking from 4s. to 7½d., its shares now stand at 2s. 6d. The biggest shareholder used to be the Southern Railway, and is now the Government. The Tunnel, if built, will set you and me, as taxpayers, back 50 to 100 million pounds, including the cost of a special railway line from London to Dover and a new Continental terminus near Victoria. Mr. Charles Gatehouse, aged eighty-six, who dug the first spadeful at Dover in 1880, is still caretaker of the British end of the shaft, a job he has held for thirty years.

In 1802 M. Mathieu, a French engineer, produced the first workable plan for the Tunnel. It required an artificial island in mid-Channel and numerous chimneys sticking out of the waves for ventilation. He showed it to Napoleon, who showed it to Charles James Fox, then British Ambassador to Paris, saying: "This is one of the big things we must do together."

In 1842 a Mr. E. Pearse, of Tavistock, revived the project in a letter to the *Railway Times*. Meanwhile, M. Ferdinand was trying to interest Louis Philippe and the French Academy of Sciences in a "floating tunnel," and Dr. Payerne wrote persistently to the *Boulogne Gazette* suggesting the use of forty "subaqueous boats" to build a tunnel on the floor of the Channel at a cost of £10 million. (*Continued on page* 52)



(*On left*) Thome de Gamond's plan which he submitted to Napoleon III in 1856. It would have taken two years to construct at a cost of £10 million. Brunel, Stephenson, Lock and other British engineers were enthusiastic about it, and Queen Victoria, who was a bad sailor, gave it her blessing

["*Picture Post*" *Library*

I WAS startled out of a very pleasant train of thought by a voice at my elbow saying: "One moment, sir," I looked up and saw a short, stout, middle-aged man standing beside me

The Georgian Tantalus

It Was A Beautiful Object But Landed A Crook's Son In A Pretty Mess

By Neil Bell

I AM often told that I am an incorrigible romanticist. Not merely a romanticist but an incorrigible one; incorrigible being one of those parrot words used not to give force or lucidity but because they are fashionable. It is a vogue word. And so I am an incorrigible romanticist.

I do not deny or resent the appellation. I am conscious it is not unapt for I never come to a corner, either actually or figuratively, without expecting something exciting round the bend. And I suppose I am fortunate in rarely being disappointed.

But it was not round a bend that I came upon the Georgian Tantalus. I came to the end of the lane I was driving down, halted at the major road sign, and crossing the road continued on down the lane at the other side and was presently slowed up by a line of half a dozen or so cars parked outside a large house which stood some fifty yards from the hedgerow. A small group of people were clustered in the front of the house and others were wandering about the gardens. A single loud, harsh and rather nasal voice dominated the scene. It did not need my nose (an incorrigible snuffer up of bargains) to scent a sale. I parked my car with the others and strolled over to the group about the auctioneer.

All the lots had been brought into the ground floor rooms and were for inspection. A young man in a sports jacket and green corduroy trousers gave me a catalogue and I went into the house to look round. I did not intend to buy anything for just then money was not too plentiful with me and I had noticed about the rostrum several men whose casual, indifferent air and child-like expressions stamped them as dealers, and I had in a hard school learnt respect, if not admiration, for their methods.

But in a corner of one of the rooms I came upon the Georgian Tantalus and was lost. The stand was in black oak and was not in itself notable but the decanters were another matter. They were beautiful,

Illustrations by Frank Lea

THE beauty of the young woman with him was distracting my attention and dissolving my anger

exquisite. Small, holding not more than half a pint, they must have been designed by an artist and cut by a master. And they were heavily ornamented with rose silver. I had not dared expect that final touch, that gilding of the lily, but I picked one up and, using my pocket lens, plainly discerned the tiny engraved roses.

I knew the dealers would be after it and that if I bid I should be squeezed out and so then and there I abandoned all hope of possessing it. But I determined to stay and see what it fetched.

I HAD to wait nearly two hours before it was brought out and by the utter indifference immediately displayed by the dealers I saw that they were going to bid for it. But the long wait had brought about a change in my mood. I could afford fifty pounds, although just then I did not want to spend fifty pounds on a luxury, and I would at least give the dealers a run for their money.

Bidding was brisk from the start and was soon run up to twenty-five pounds. It was then I chipped in with: "guineas" and for the first time gained not only the auctioneer's attention but amused glances from the dealers. Further bidding quickly took it to fifty pounds and that was where I had proposed to give in. But the attitude of the dealers had irritated me and I foolishly allowed myself to be goaded into continuing the contest. When the bidding had reached seventy pounds the auctioneer glanced over to me and said: "Guineas, sir;" but I made no sign and a fat man to his right snorted: "Guineas." I took a deep breath. "Seventy-five pounds," I said, half-hoping, half-fearing, that someone would make it guineas, for seventy-five pounds would almost clean me out. But no one came to my rescue, or defeat, and the Georgian Tantalus was mine.

I could have paid a small deposit and left it to be sent on to me after I had paid the balance by cheque but I have long found that the convenience of cheques is outweighed by their many drawbacks and in my travels about the country I invariably carry with me sufficient money in the only form in which it can talk "on the spot": cash. And so I paid for the Tantalus and carrying it with me went back to my car.

Drawn up behind my car and making it look even more cheap-jack and plebeian than usual was a magnificent Bentley. It was an arrogant car. It annoyed me as much by its arrogance as by the fact that it was drawn up so close behind me that I couldn't get out. Only a taxi-driver could have squeezed out of that sandwich. But, astonishingly, the owner of this arrogant glittering beauty had not bothered to lock the doors and I was about to get elbow room for my modest vehicle in the way now open to me when a voice, a rich voice, sang out: "My dear sir, a thousand pardons!" and looking up I saw the quite obvious owner of the Bentley: and that, to the discerning, should sufficiently portray him. I guessed him in the late fifties and

the good-looking woman with him about the same age.

"Allow me," he said, and getting into his car flicked a finger, gently eased a dazzlingly shod foot, and the Bentley drew gracefully back with the soft silent smoothness of velvet over velvet.

I thanked him and was about to wriggle into my reach-me-down when he put out a restraining hand and said: "One moment, please," and I turned again towards him. "Allow me to congratulate you on your success," he said; "it is very beautiful and a bargain. It is worth, in the right market, double what you paid for it. In the right market, of course; and that demands knowledge and time for finding. But you'll get a hundred anywhere."

"Oh, I'm not selling," I said.

He smiled engagingly. "You're a very lucky man, you know." I suppose I looked somewhat puzzled, for after all it was no great matter; and seeing this he went on: "My wife had set her heart on it but as we did not think it would come up until much later we slipped away to Belminster for some lunch: a pandering to the grosser joys, for which we must pay by the loss of a finer. We returned only to find it had been knocked down to you for seventy-five."

"You would have bid higher?"

He laughed. "Undoubtedly. My wife would have seen to that. Will you sell for a hundred?"

I shook my head but with, I suppose, no great decision; for already I was half regretting my extravagance and twenty-five pounds was a pleasant profit, even if it did not compensate for the loss of so lovely a possession. He must have noted the indecision in my voice, for he said quickly: "Come, shall we say one twenty five?" I looked from him to his wife who was very good-looking and charming and was, I thought, regarding me with an anxiously pleading air. I am no less a fool than most men where charming women are concerned and I surrendered. "Very well," I said and opened the door of my car and brought out the Tantalus.

"You will prefer cash," he said. "When out on treasure hunts I always furnish myself with an adequate supply. It oils all the wheels."

I nodded. "That is also my invariable habit," I said.

He counted out the money in fivers, and before we parted I said: "If ever you should wish to sell I should be infinitely obliged if you would let me know, for I do not expect my present lean time to be anything but temporary," and I gave him my card, which he glanced at, smiled, and taking out a gold card-case put it carefully inside and then gave me one of his own, saying: "I assure you I will not part with it without letting you know." And with that I took my leave of them and as soon as a bend in the lane hid me I looked at his card on which was: Mr. John Stringer and an address in the West End of London.

SOME two hours later, coming to the pleasant little town of Wensborough, I decided to stay there for the night and booked a room at the "White Hart." Before dinner I went into the cocktail bar (for the "White Hart" prides itself on not being provincial), and having ordered a tomato cocktail tendered a fiver. The white-jacketed barman went over to the cash-register. Sipping my harmless drink and lighting a cigarette I momentarily forgot about him. I was startled out of a very pleasant train of thought by a voice at my elbow saying: "One moment, sir." I looked up and saw a short, stout, middle-aged man standing beside me. "May I have a word with you in private?" he said and indicated a door to his left. I nodded and, rising, followed him.

As soon as we were in the private room to which he led me and which was furnished like an office, he said: "Just now, sir, you gave a five-pound note to the steward. Would you recognize it again?"

"Hardly," I said.

"You do not know the number?"

"I have no idea at all."

He showed me a five-pound note and said: "Well, sir, it was this one and I must tell you that it is one of many whose numbers have been circulated by the police as stolen."

"I know nothing about that," I said; "I certainly did not steal it. I received it in the course of a business deal."

He seemed ill at ease and hesitated, and then said slowly: "It is most unfortunate; most unfortunate; extremely awkward." He looked from me to the note in his hand and away again, and I abruptly realized that he was playing for time. And upon the heels of that realization came a rap at the door and he called out, his tone expressing both relief and anxiety: "Come in." The door opened and a police sergeant and constable entered.

The sergeant took immediate charge of the proceedings with admirable aplomb. Taking the five-pound note, he said to the hotel keeper: "You say, Mr. Evans, that this gentleman tendered you this five-pound note?"

"That is correct, Sergeant."

"And what do you say, sir?" turning to me.

"I merely say that I don't know. I certainly gave the barman a fiver but whether or not it is that one I don't know."

"You don't know the number?"

"No."

"Why do you say this is the five-pound note tendered by this gentleman, Mr. Evans?" he asked.

"It is the only five-pound note that has been tendered here to-day and there was not another in the cash register: no others anywhere in the house in fact, except in my private safe."

"H'm," the sergeant said, and then he rubbed his chin thoughtfully a moment before saying decisively: "Well, sir, I'm sorry to put you to the inconvenience but I must ask you to come to the station and we'll take a statement."

I DID not cut a very impressive figure at the station. All the other twenty-four five-pound notes bore numbers listed by the police as stolen, and as I heard myself explaining how they came into my possession I could not but feel that the story sounded thin, especially as I could not give the number of the Bentley. I was consoled by the thought that the auction at Blanding, the little hamlet near (*Continued on page* 56)

Let us suppose a car is tugged by boy scouts to the coast

Holidays Abroad

How To Squeeze Your £35

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THERE once was an outsize night-spot in Berlin called the *Haus Vaterland* whose idea was "Travel while you Eat and are Merry." Each floor had a different regional lay-out of Germany or Austria: different scenery, music, songs, costumes, food, drink, girls, games, accents and jokes.

When you got bored with Bavarian beer, yodelling, bare knees and Alps, you could take a lift to the Rhineland or the Baltic and post "having wonderful time" cards from either. Another lift to Grinzing wine and Viennese waltzes, and so it went on.

It appears that next winter Londoners may be able to sample the countries of Western Europe on the same basis, without leaving Earl's Court, and with native flicks and travelogues thrown in. It was bound to come in these penned-in, synthetic times.

But we haven't quite reached stationary ("Fanny Adams") touring yet. We can still actually transport ourselves in person to foreign parts abroad. The question is —for how long? And how far?

A year ago we still had £75 allowance and £10 for the car, and thought ourselves hard done by. This time it's £35 and nothing for the car. Obviously, the plot thickens. Yet let me say straight out that if you harbour nefarious designs of secreting valuable stamps under your armpits, or of stepping up your holiday on the strength of pound notes posted ahead, to meet you, then this simple, honest tale is not for you.

I am even perplexed by the additional £5 and £2 in silver which British subjects may take abroad, since no one has ever told me what becomes of it, and I feel it is beset by temptation. For it must be "spent British" and the only opportunity I can see, is on the Channel boats, failing which, you are expected to wrap it up for the return journey.

Monsieur X is enchanté to trade wine for soap or coffee beans

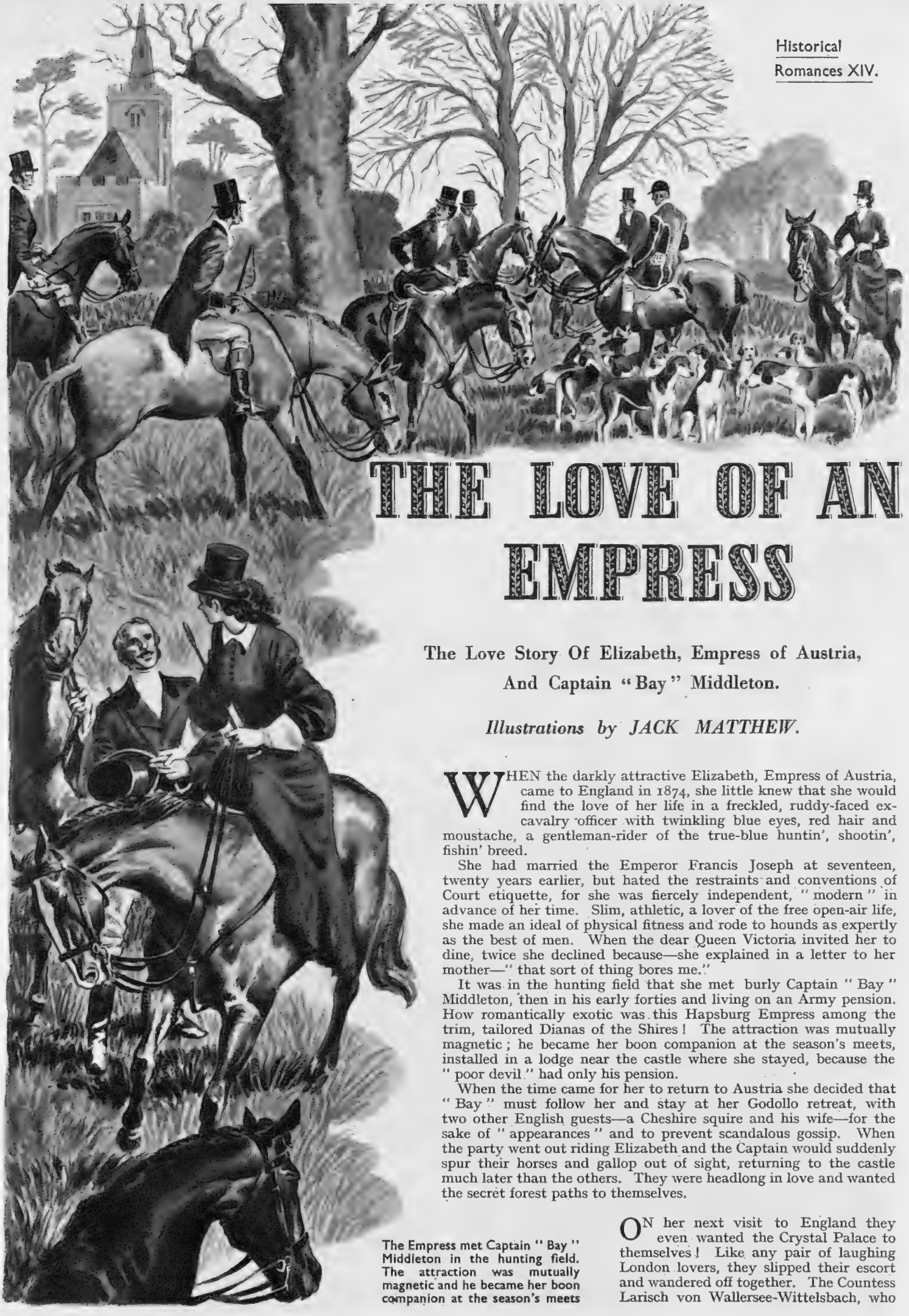
THE problem, then, is how to squeeze £35 to the last pip without leaving unnecessary dirty looks in the Benelux countries, France and Switzerland, which, I take it, will form the continental sterling travel preserve—along with a dash of Scandinavia. For the first thing to note is that this summer holiday bears a most unsettling resemblance to that of 1939, meaning that people will be short and nervy and that your pocket-book will gain nothing by bellyaching about prices. Things continue quite dear for us, even in France despite the devalued franc. That's why I'm writing this article.

It's not easy. You see, you're such a variegated bunch. The young and the active, the more mature and responsive, the elderly and anchored—each category wants to spend its money in a different fashion. One wants to vegetate, the other to galivant around. One likes Switzerland, the other the Riviera. One will motor if car parts have to be traded for petrol, the other likes to hitch-hike. One prefers to be alone, the other in a party. All of which means distinctive expenditure.

I know of only one lot whose budget remains unaffected by caprice or anything else and they are the ones who elect to holiday abroad in herds under alluring "international friendship leagues" and the like. They have no problem—unless it be the question of getting started at all!

A second and more selective species which dodges the issue, are they who holiday *au pair*. Yet what a gamble that can be if principals should fail to come up to specification as advertised! I wonder why there hasn't been an *au pair* variation of (*Continued on page* 58)

An American late comer might even get a room with hot-and-cold running chambermaids



THE LOVE OF AN EMPRESS

The Love Story Of Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, And Captain "Bay" Middleton.

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

WHEN the darkly attractive Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, came to England in 1874, she little knew that she would find the love of her life in a freckled, ruddy-faced ex-cavalry officer with twinkling blue eyes, red hair and moustache, a gentleman-rider of the true-blue huntin', shootin', fishin' breed.

She had married the Emperor Francis Joseph at seventeen, twenty years earlier, but hated the restraints and conventions of Court etiquette, for she was fiercely independent, "modern" in advance of her time. Slim, athletic, a lover of the free open-air life, she made an ideal of physical fitness and rode to hounds as expertly as the best of men. When the dear Queen Victoria invited her to dine, twice she declined because—she explained in a letter to her mother—"that sort of thing bores me."

It was in the hunting field that she met burly Captain "Bay" Middleton, then in his early forties and living on an Army pension. How romantically exotic was this Hapsburg Empress among the trim, tailored Dianas of the Shires! The attraction was mutually magnetic; he became her boon companion at the season's meets, installed in a lodge near the castle where she stayed, because the "poor devil" had only his pension.

When the time came for her to return to Austria she decided that "Bay" must follow her and stay at her Godollo retreat, with two other English guests—a Cheshire squire and his wife—for the sake of "appearances" and to prevent scandalous gossip. When the party went out riding Elizabeth and the Captain would suddenly spur their horses and gallop out of sight, returning to the castle much later than the others. They were headlong in love and wanted the secret forest paths to themselves.

The Empress met Captain "Bay" Middleton in the hunting field. The attraction was mutually magnetic and he became her boon companion at the season's meets

ON her next visit to England they even wanted the Crystal Palace to themselves! Like any pair of laughing London lovers, they slipped their escort and wandered off together. The Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach, who

was in the party, tells us in her memoirs that " Aunt Sissy," as gay as a midinette on holiday, wanted to adjourn to one of the popular restaurants for a " bite," saying : " Suppose they take us for *cocottes*, Marie ? But that shouldn't worry us on a night like this, should it ? " At the finish the romantic pair jumped into a hansom, leaving the rest to follow, and did not arrive at their London hotel until the early hours.

Obviously, such a madcap adventure—for an Empress—could not continue indefinitely. There was a poignant parting at Combermere Abbey, where she was staying, on the eve of her return to the Continent. Elizabeth, with the Countess trying to console her, wept hysterically, talked of going back into captivity, to the monotony of a prison life. Here she wasn't watched all the time by spies ; the servants were trained to see nothing. But to-morrow all would be over. " Why cannot I break my neck ? " she wailed. " Why cannot I smash my skull and so have peace at last ? "

When the Captain came in the morning to say good-bye they were so long together that lunch had to be delayed. At last he came down in complete dejection, the picture of misery, and seemed to have been weeping. She remained in her room, unable to face that farewell luncheon party. On leaving in the afternoon she turned to the Countess and said, with a deep sigh : " Play-acting, my dear child, is the sad lot of those who wear a crown." It was in utter desolation that she returned again to Court " captivity."

One day news came that the Captain had met with an accident. " ' Bay ' will die some day from a riding accident, and *I shall die by the water,*" she said with tragic prescience. Taking out an ivory miniature of him, she gazed at it longingly, then said sadly to the Countess : " Marie, you should have married ' Bay,' then I would have had you two loved ones always with me."

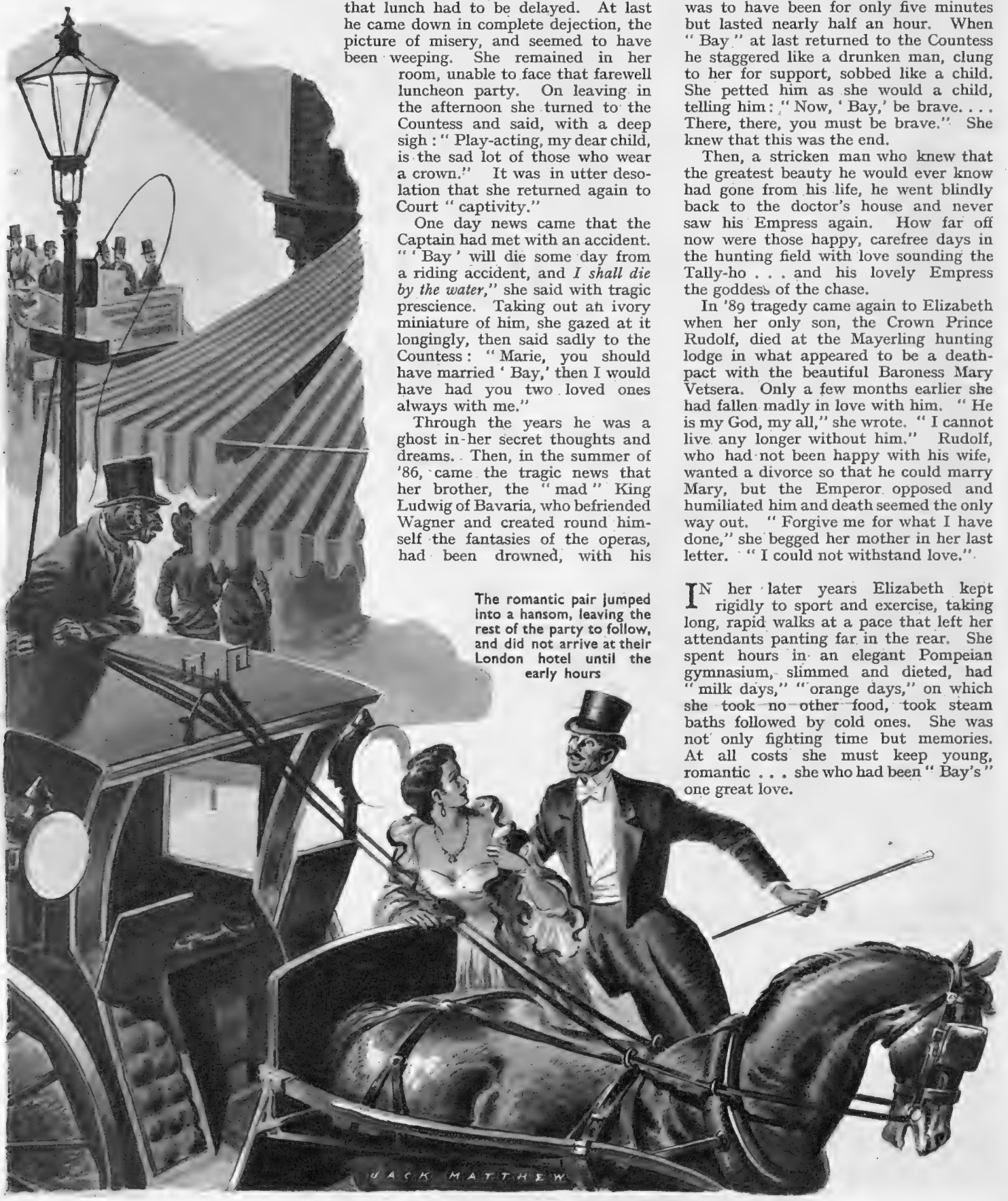
Through the years he was a ghost in her secret thoughts and dreams. Then, in the summer of '86, came the tragic news that her brother, the " mad " King Ludwig of Bavaria, who befriended Wagner and created round himself the fantasies of the operas, had been drowned, with his physician, in Starnberger Lake. Who but " Bay " could console her great grief ? She must see him again.

SHE went at once to Traunstein, arranged that he should stay near-by in the house of the family physician, Dr. Wispaur, and fixed a last secret tryst with him by a seat outside the Ettendorf chapel. Of all the partings of lovers in the annals of historical romance, that must have been the most affecting. The Countess, who brought " Bay " to the rendezvous and waited under a tree at the opposite end of the chapel, says it was to have been for only five minutes but lasted nearly half an hour. When " Bay " at last returned to the Countess he staggered like a drunken man, clung to her for support, sobbed like a child. She petted him as she would a child, telling him : " Now, ' Bay,' be brave. . . . There, there, you must be brave." She knew that this was the end.

Then, a stricken man who knew that the greatest beauty he would ever know had gone from his life, he went blindly back to the doctor's house and never saw his Empress again. How far off now were those happy, carefree days in the hunting field with love sounding the Tally-ho . . . and his lovely Empress the goddess of the chase.

In '89 tragedy came again to Elizabeth when her only son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, died at the Mayerling hunting lodge in what appeared to be a death-pact with the beautiful Baroness Mary Vetsera. Only a few months earlier she had fallen madly in love with him. " He is my God, my all," she wrote. " I cannot live any longer without him." Rudolf, who had not been happy with his wife, wanted a divorce so that he could marry Mary, but the Emperor opposed and humiliated him and death seemed the only way out. " Forgive me for what I have done," she begged her mother in her last letter. " I could not withstand love."

IN her later years Elizabeth kept rigidly to sport and exercise, taking long, rapid walks at a pace that left her attendants panting far in the rear. She spent hours in an elegant Pompeian gymnasium, slimmed and dieted, had " milk days," " orange days," on which she took no other food, took steam baths followed by cold ones. She was not only fighting time but memories. At all costs she must keep young, romantic . . . she who had been " Bay's " one great love.



The romantic pair jumped into a hansom, leaving the rest of the party to follow, and did not arrive at their London hotel until the early hours

The farewell meeting of the Empress Elizabeth and Captain Middleton

Her end—tragic like so much in her life—was resolved in the words of a crazy Italian anarchist, Lucheni, who remarked to a friend, one day in '98: "Ah, how I should like to kill someone—but it must be some person of great importance, so that it might get into the papers." She was boarding a steamer at Geneva when he lunged forward and stabbed her to the heart with a sharp file. There was no personal motive for the act, only a blind, embittered compulsion. He achieved his aim. The European Press announced the assassination of Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, in appropriate headlines.

Had she not foretold: "*I shall die by the water?*" She had fulfilled herself in the Hapsburg way: through the wildest love and the deepest suffering. As for the mask of majesty: "Play-acting, my dear child, is the sad lot of those who wear a crown!"

The irony was that, but for a strange freak of circumstance, she might never have worn that crown; her life would not have been hedged about by the Court etiquette she detested; she would have been free to live as she wished, instead of being driven to tragic rebellion.

It was her elder, plainer sister Helene who went to Bad Ischl to meet Franz Joseph and the Imperial family with a view to marriage. Elizabeth, a mere slip of a girl, kept purposely in the background, accompanied her as an afterthought, and at the luncheon party which was expected to produce the Royal betrothal was ordered to eat in a separate room with her governess.

Piqued at being left out of the festivities, she burst in on the Royal party, her eyes blazing with anger, and was on the point of protesting when she suddenly understood why a younger sister would be in the way. Of course, they were getting Helene married off. . . .

Blushing, confused, she turned to leave. But the young Emperor, who had last seen her as a child, was dazzled by the lovely girl he now beheld. "Sisi!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet and advancing to greet her. He insisted she should attend the reception that evening, and the next morning told his mother, the Archduchess Sophie: "You know, Sisi is a sweet girl."

She glanced at him in faint surprise. "Is she? One only thinks of her as a child."

He then astonished her by saying: "She's wonderful! It's Sisi I want, not Nené!"

And Sisi, not Nené, he married.

That was the turning-point in her young life—the unforeseen twist that made her one of the most dramatic figures in history. [END]

The death of the Empress Elizabeth at the hands of a crazy Italian anarchist, Lucheni, who stabbed her to the heart with a sharp file as she was boarding a steamer at Geneva

The Dream Cottage. Designed by an architect and built in 1938 for £1,200, is now worth £4,000, if you are first on the spot

The Cottage Hunters

By L. D. Hills

THE search for a dream cottage is no longer a leisurely epic of the countryside, to be described in a thin little book with woodcuts, it is more like a gangster film with dialogue by Angela Thirkell. So many people are chasing so few cottages, that there is no time even for one partner to speed by train across England in reply to a jubilant telegram, husband and wife must search together, not only to make a unanimous decision, but because team work and ruthlessness are vital in this most vicious of all spirals.

First make up your minds about "musts." Those who must be near sea, schools, railways, shops or any particular town limit their choice. If they add electric light, water, sanitation and a bathroom they may search for years in the south of England, where every townsman and retired Colonial civil servant wants to make his home.

Then buy good maps, not "fifty miles round" anywhere, but ordnance survey or other hiker's maps marking every footpath and hamlet, and get the local papers covering the area (through W. H. Smith or any big newsagent).

These local papers will give all the house agents, but unless you have between £3,000 and £4,000 to spend they are no use, if you can afford to spend this on a cottage with three bedrooms and all conveniences, write to the lot, one may have a client of quite exceptional greed, whose property will stay on the market long enough for you to see it, the other advertisements are useless, for by the time the papers reach you all will be sold. Their value is in the local knowledge they give, and as a help to select your centre, you will need to book accommodation in the town where the head office of the paper with the most likely advertisements is published.

Local bus and rail time tables can also be obtained through these papers. If you have no money to hire a car, it will pay you to work out routes from your centre to as many towns as you can fit in. It was staff work of this type that made D-Day a success, and when you invade, prepared to stay a month, and avoiding the holiday season, beware of Careless Talk in the hotel lounge. The silver-haired couple with whom you bewailed Basic may be your deadly rivals, and even the waiter may live with his family of six in two rooms with his in-laws. He, too, could raise money through a building society and snap up your dream cottage on his day off.

The key of the situation is that local paper, and H-hour is the time it is on sale at the office of publication—from ten minutes to several hours ahead of the newsagents—and as these periodicals come out on different days, up to four can be covered by train and bus in a week.

Equipment should include the maps and time tables, envelopes, notepaper, stamps and plenty of pennies, shillings and sixpences. Action stations are usually husband in the nearest telephone box, with change ready, and wife in the newspaper office, ready to snatch two copies of the *Dreamcott Courier* and *Loamshire Gazette*. She races to the phone box, thrusts one copy through the would-be telephone users, glaring at her husband through the glass, and retreats to a near-by café with the second. By the time as many as possible of the advertisements giving phone numbers have been rung up for address and particulars (after about ten calls you will find all "numbers engaged" for the rest of the day), she should have got through writing to all the box numbers ready to hand in to the girl in the office, who will not disclose the address of the advertiser, but will redirect them to catch the post the same day, saving at least twenty-four hours on everyone else. The letters should be partly written beforehand, like the stamped envelopes for replies to save time.

All this snatching of seconds sounds most unfair, but the less money one has to spare, the less squeamish one can be. Those who must rely on bicycles or bus must copy the tiger most closely. A hired car gives the best chance, and though it will be expensive, it will save money on a smaller hotel bill from quicker success, and recriminations about the cottage that got away.

When you return weary with corrugated iron roofs, perfect cottages next door to thriving sawmills, and Elizabethan sanitation, and filled with envy of everyone with any sort of a roof of their own, a poem called "To-morrow," by John Masefield, is recommended for bedside reading.

With perseverance and speed you (*Continued on page* 61)

The tenant of this cottage pays about three shillings a week rent. It will cost £15 to re-thatch but with vacant possession it is worth £1,000

Modern cottages for farm-workers. Airey houses under construction. Your food depends on their tenants

Miss Gulch And The Spy

THE Department of Industrial Relations had moved to an imposing country home on the outskirts of London. Mr. Dumbarton rocked his office chair round, and gazed out through the open window at the gentle symmetry of a Regency terrace.

"How do you like our new quarters, Miss Gulch?" His eyes flickered at her behind the pince-nez.

Ann Gulch relaxed slightly. "Very pleasant, Mr. Dumbarton. A change from the City."

"An appropriate setting for the Department of Industrial Relations," went on Mr. Dumbarton, developing his favourite theme. "A gracious emollient which will reflect greater smoothness to our co-ordination of the nation's commerce." He smacked his lips complacently.

"Yes, Mr. Dumbarton."

"True, it may be a little more inaccessible than our previous accommodation but that, too, has its advantages. What great industrialist can maintain his harshness facing the gentle remonstrance of such a pastoral. The perfect borders and the grass so vividly green, and the poplars, like Nature's fingers raised in gentle admonition."

"Yes, Mr. Dumbarton. But as you say, a little out of the way."

"If Mahomet won't come to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet," pronounced Mahomet Dumbarton, twitching an invisible cloak.

"Yes, Mr. Dumbarton," Miss Gulch re-crossed her exquisite legs.

The leg-crossing stole her employer's attention for a moment. "Yes," he said absently. "Yes." He leaned back in the chair again.

A soft rasping brought both pairs of eyes back to the window. A faun had strayed into the pastoral. The soft rasping was the passage of his cane rake against the dead leaves. He raked on oblivious towards the open window. The leaves came slowly with him in a mounting golden wave. When he was nearly to the path under the window he turned and saw the watchers in the room.

"Well, well!" he said, grinning. "How are Industrial Relations?" He had a resonant voice and he leant long, brown forearms on the sill.

The impudence of this move shocked Mr. Dumbarton into temporary silence. As the shock abated he started to twitter. "Really, I must say! Who . . . what . . . are you?"

"I," said the stranger equably, "am Mr. Blaze, the gardener." He bowed ironically to them. When he lifted his head his glance studied Miss Gulch unashamedly. Miss Gulch lowered her eyes and coughed delicately into a small hand.

"Look here," said Mr. Dumbarton pointing with his pince-nez, "Blaze or whatever your name is, this is a Government Department and one which deals with very confidential matters. This is most irregular. You must keep to your gardens and avoid any contact with the staff here. D'you understand?"

"I get you Chief, no jobs for the boys?" he said sadly.

"No! Good afternoon, sir!" thundered Mr. Dumbarton, and waddled over to slam down the window. Through it Miss Gulch saw the gardener spread tragic arms and return to his rake.

Mr. Dumbarton came back to the desk fluttering pink, agitated hands. "The insolence! Jobs for the boys indeed! I must say the fellow is impertinent. Did you hear him? Cool as you please? How are Industrial Relations! A gardener!"

Miss Gulch's eyes were reflective. "He didn't sound like a gardener, he sounded rather a highly educated individual." She broke off as a spasm of terror leapt to Mr. Dumbarton's eyes.

"He may be," said Mr. Dumbarton in a ghastly whisper, "a Board of Trade man!"

Miss Gulch gave a silvery laugh. "You've been reading too many newspapers. I am certain there is really some quite rational explanation."

Mr. Dumbarton's eyes flicked to where the President of the Board of Trade was regarding him austerely from the wall. He relaxed suddenly. "Yes, yes, of course. Some perfectly rational explanation." He cleared his throat: "That will be all, Miss Gulch."

Ann Gulch moved easily to the door. As she opened it the voice behind her said: "All the same, Miss Gulch, you

How The President Of The Industrial Relations Council And His Secretary Captured Him

By Jacques Gillies

might keep an eye on that young man—in a casual sort of way of course."

"Very good, Mr. Dumbarton."

MISS GULCH settled again in her own sanctuary, tapped busily away at her typewriter. She had been at it about half an hour when above the keys she heard the soft scrape of the rake coming down the path. She worked on steadily, but a desire to turn round consumed her.

"Hallo there," said the resonant voice, softly conspiratorial.

Miss Gulch turned about. "Ah, Mr. Blaze."

Mr. Blaze lifted his hat. "Shall I come in?"

"No, I don't think so," said the girl hastily. "You heard what Mr. Dumbarton had to say about contact with the staff here."

"But this is different," said Mr. Blaze with candour. "I'm enamoured of you."

Miss Gulch repressed an unaccountable desire to giggle. Instead she said, "You're rather impertinent."

"Sorry. What time is tea?"

"The staff have tea at four thirty."

"I'll bring my mug. What do you think of the grounds eh?, fairly neat?"

"Er . . . . yes, very neat."

"Good. Well, see you at four thirty. Must get cracking, can't stand jawing all day."

Miss Gulch gasped at the affront. "Look here, young man, if you come back again I'll report you."

Mr. Blaze leant further into the room. "What is this 'young man' talk? You don't look a day over thirty!"

Miss Gulch, who was in fact twenty-four and knew she looked about nineteen, stamped a pretty foot. "If you don't leave immediately I'll call a porter."

"Right." He stepped back a pace. "Four thirty, then."

Miss Gulch, feeling that the advantage was now firmly in her hands stepped to the open window. "I've warned you," she said dangerously.

"But look," said Mr. Blaze in desperation, "you can't expect me to have tea with old Caesar next door, his blood pressure wouldn't stand another visit."

"You are speaking of Mr. Dumbarton, President of the Industrial Relations Council, and I am his secretary."

"Hats off to that spirit! Well, see you later."

"No you won't."

"By the way, what's your name?" He picked up the cane rake.

Miss Gulch ignored the question and closed the window. She returned to her typing.

At four fifteen she entered Mr. Dumbarton's room with his tea and the typed letters. The President of the Council was staring fixedly out of the window.

"Miss Gulch," he portended slowly. "Is . . . is the door closed?"

Miss Gulch looked at the door. It was closed. "Yes, quite closed."

"What I say must not go further than these four walls."

"Nothing does," said his secretary with more truth than she imagined.

"Good. It has just occurred to me that the impertinent young man might be the agent of a foreign Power. Placed as he is he can discover the whole mechanism of our industrial administration." His voice tailed away to a whisper.

"But . . ." interrupted the girl.

"Sssssh!" Mr. Dumbarton rested his pince-nez against his lips. "You realize Miss Gulch, that this very building is the great throbbing heart of an empire's life blood? You realize. . . ."

Miss Gulch sighed wearily and relaxed. At the end of ten minutes there was a short hiatus.

"Yes, yes, of course, Mr. Dumbarton. We shall have to keep on our toes." She suited the action to the words and stood up.

"But that is not all," said her chief exasperatingly. "We shall inaugurate our own counter-espionage. Miss Gulch," he sounded like the captain of the school eleven addressing the last man in, "I want you deliberately to strike up an acquaintance with this man. Find out all you can about him."

"Yes, Mr. Dumbarton."

"Good luck," said Mr. Dumbarton (*Continued on page* 64)

"WELL, well!" he said grinning. "How are Industrial Relations?" He had a resonant voice and he leant long, brown forearms on the sill

Corsham Court. The south front

The picture gallery at Corsham Court which contains many art treasures

Corsham Court

A House Of Historic Interest Part Of Which Is Now Used By An Academy Of Art

By Lena Ramsden

(*On right*) An Adam mirror and Cobb commode in the cabinet room at Corsham Court

GREAT English estates and the houses that go with them, have been objects of envy for generations; but if one studies the history of most of them, it will be found that envy was only justified during certain periods, and that, although they have provided pleasure and comfort for their owners, they have also contributed enormously to the prosperity of the country.

Continental landowners usually developed their estates with an eye to hunting; but the British squire (who could get all the hunting he wanted, by galloping over other people's property as well as his own) turned his attention to farming; and his care and interest, in addition to improving the land, were responsible for the founding of many famous breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs, which are still a national asset.

From Norman, or even Saxon times, until the decline of the House of Stuart, any prominent landowner in England had two major sources of worry, with one fountain head—the caprice of the reigning monarch. The two sources were (a) Royal displeasure and (b) Royal greed.

In the case of the former, the landlord was publicly executed or privately murdered, and his estates were handed to someone else; and in the second instance, some piece of fictitious plotting was planted on him, and his land was taken over by the crown, which, in the event of not holding on to it, bestowed it on some favoured courtier "for life." As that life was invariably

(*On left*) A corner of the Library, which is in the west wing, was designed by Nash in 1800. The curtains were embroidered by some ladies in Portugal, as part of the elaborate trappings for Sir Paul Methuen's mule teams

the dower of the queens of England; it was held by Katherine of Aragon and also Katherine Parr. In the sixteenth year of her reign, Queen Elizabeth granted it to her Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. It was part of the dower of Anne, wife of James the First; and the final queen to hold the Manor was Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First. During the Commonwealth it was held by a Mr. Richard Ashfield, but it was returned to the dowager queen in 1660.

In 1745, Corsham Court and the estate were bought by Mr. Paul Methuen, the son of a rich clothier from

(*Continued on page 62*)

in danger of being terminated by an axe, or transferred overseas in a state of banishment, it is surprising to find how well most of the estates were cared for and developed.

The period from the Stuart times until the beginning of the present century, might be described as the Golden Age of the English landed gentry. Taxes were low, labour was cheap and easy to obtain, and possessions comparatively safe from confiscation. During that time, additions were built on to houses, farm lands increased and large numbers of art treasures were bought for private collections. Some estates suffered from the extravagance of their owners, but the majority prospered until the early years of this century.

It is unnecessary to go into the present-day predicament of most of England's historic houses: their fate can be read in the headlines of the daily papers—"—— Hall requisitioned by the Ministry of Mis-appropriation." "Grounds of —— Castle to be used for opencast coal mining." "Art treasures from —— Manor sold to meet death duties." One by one they are being pulled down, split up into flats, gutted to their very wall-paper.

In the midst of all this chaos, a few great houses have managed to survive: one of these is Corsham Court, Wiltshire, the home of Lord and Lady Methuen, who live in the west wing. The east wing contains the famous picture gallery and state apartments, which are open to the public on certain days, and the rest of the mansion has been let to the Bath Academy of Art.

In the days of the Saxon kings there was a Royal Manor at Corsham; but the oldest part of the present structure was built in 1582. From 1380 the place enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being part of

(*On right*) A room in the Victorian suite which is now used as a students' classroom of the Bath Academy of Art

The big kitchen at Corsham Court which is now used by the Bath Academy of Art

Just A Touch Of Romance

THE owner of Semple's Circus and Wild Animal Show, who was also his own ringmaster, finished waxing the pointed ends of his moustache before replying. Then he turned from the small mirror hung on the side of his trailer caravan to look at the art student. She was young and she was pretty.

"Sure," he said. "Help yourself. When you've finished drop round again and let me see your sketches." He looked her over with the eyes of one who could sum up any two-legged or four-legged animal in one glance. Young and pretty . . . and green.

That was why he liked the small town circuits. His show might be third rate compared with the big-name circuses, but the audiences were more wide-eyed with wonder. He pointed to where a clown sat on the steps of another caravan, applying grease paint to his face. "Begin on Elmer. They all sketch Elmer. Loves it. Used to be in the big time . . . The High-flying Sensations . . . trapeze act."

He watched the girl for a moment as she crossed to Elmer. Black, low-heeled pumps, black hair combed severely to a straight line over the shoulders of her black wool dress . . . arty.

"Hi, Elmer! An artist!"

Elmer looked up and gave a sign of resignation with his hand. Artists, especially the young ones, were suckers for clowns.

"You don't mind?" asked the girl, nicely.

"No," said Elmer. "But why not try the trapeze act. Over there, three girls in white tights." He knew the answer before she replied. Clowns were a natural for these new-fangled drawings where you took half a dozen triangles, squares and circles, mixed 'em up and called them a face.

"You had a trapeze act, didn't you?"

"Best in the business," said Elmer, drawing great white circles around his eyes. "*The* most daring, *the* most spectacular, *the* most . . . but let it go."

"Why did you become a clown?"

"We worked without a net."

"An accident?"

"No, a baby."

The girl laughed with relief, but Elmer soon stopped that.

"Ruined me. The act lost a whole season. Killed the mother."

"Oh!" The girl opened her sketch pad and thought of Pagliacci. "Then you became a clown?"

"No," said Elmer. "Took the baby in the act."

The girl smiled. That was patently absurd.

"Not right away," continued Elmer. "I was barker for a freak show first."

"What kind of freak?"

"My own baby."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl again, with a woman's sense of the tragedy of a deformed child. "Was it a boy?"

"No, a girl," said Elmer. He turned to test the firmness of his false nose and touch up its round blob to blend into his make-up. "*The* most beautiful, *the* most perfect, *the* most . . . but let it go." There was genuine sadness in his voice now.

"I thought you said she was a freak."

"So she was. The doctor said it was vestigial. Know the word?"

"Yes," answered the girl as she sketched. "It means a relic of some prehistoric ancestry, like the fish gills in the foetus." The facts of life were old hat. "Before birth the human embryo goes through all the stages, fish, bird, animal. . . ."

"And sometimes," said Elmer, "there's webbed fingers, real tails . . . and worse. Only the doctors, they say, fix 'em up."

"Couldn't they . . . couldn't they. . . ." The girl hesitated.

"No, they didn't fix her up. I wouldn't let 'em touch her, not after the operation on her mother."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl. Her sympathies were rubbed raw. "Was it bad?"

"Bad?" said Elmer. "It was." He began to draw in outline the great grinning gash that was to be his mouth. "It was the trapeze work. You develop stomach muscles like steel ropes. And she couldn't relax. Never could! All that way down to the ground and no net . . . gets you after a while . . . it got her . . . that was why she had a baby . . . escape . . . but it still preyed on her mind. I told the doctors it was that what had affected the baby. They laughed."

"What affected the baby?" asked the girl.

"Her wishing on the baby what she herself wanted so the child wouldn't ever have to go through what she went through."

The girl paused in her sketching and watched him fill in the great scarlet grin. It seemed hideous at that moment.

"But what did the baby have?"

"Wings!" said Elmer. "You wouldn't

I SWUNG on the middle trapeze by my knees and she swung through her long loop to catch my wrists

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

Elmer The Clown Could Tell A Good Story—But He Was A Little Crazy

By Day Russell

remember, but look back at the old bills for Hagenbeck's Circus, biggest in Europe . . . top billing . . . The Flying Sensation Trapeze Act. Nobody believed it. Thought it was a fake . . . not the act . . . but the wings. Even when she was a baby in the freak show, all pink and white with blond curls, lying on a gold cushion with those two little wings sprouting like white down . . . they wouldn't believe it. I thought my fortune was made, but I just broke even . . . nobody would believe it . . . even with the doctor's certificate."

"Then what?" The girl sketched quickly because she could feel by the stir among the caravans that the matinée opening was not far off. Elmer was fitting the ridiculous little top hat on his red wig, fixing the outsize stiff collar to his shirt.

"So I say to myself, Okay, I can wait. Then one day, I says, I'll hit the bills with the biggest sensation the circus has ever seen . . . and that's when I got the name for the act, The High-flying Sensations. So I kept it secret and watched her grow. Maybe it's a laugh when I say she was like a little angel, but I've never seen anything so lovely before or since . . . fair . . . hair like spun silk . . . blue eyes like washed sky in spring . . . and sweet . . . like a little angel."

"Could she fly?" There was a note of disbelief now in the girl's voice.

"Fly? No, of course she couldn't. Them wings was no good. She had to learn, same as you and me. But she was a natural . . . and them wings gave her faith. I worked the act so that her swings were longer and longer, and I had an idea if we could work a somersault that looked like a long loop-the-loop we'd get something." He drew on the silly short jacket and adjusted outsize cuffs. "Well, maybe it was the way I trained her or maybe it was the faith she had that she could use her wings — up in the air there anything helps. She got so she had a kind of glide, and then I knew we had a real act. Look up them press notices some time. Mine was burnt or I'd show 'em to you now.

It was a sensation. We went up to the top of the bills just like we went to the top of the tent. We slung the apparatus from the roof, high as we could get it, till

the people down below looked like pinheads . . . and there was no net. I swung on the middle trapeze by my knees and she swung through her long loop to catch my wrists. Then I'd swing her and off she'd go to the other end of the ridgepole looking as though she was falling . . . and you could hear the gasp come up from the audience . . . only she didn't fall. She looped twice and she'd just glide down to a trapeze which was suddenly dropped low enough for her to catch.

"What an act!" Elmer scanned himself bit by bit in the small mirror to check his make-up and costume. "What an act! Sensational! I knew our fortune was made . . . because every time that I made her glide a little farther, she made it . . . until one day. . . ." He sat heavily on the step of his caravan as a gulp of emotion stopped his words.

"Oh!" cried the girl with anguish. "She fell!"

"No," said Elmer tragically. "She flew away."

The girl picked up her sketch pad that had fallen in her sudden anguish and flushed as she looked at Elmer's back as he went to the big tent. She flushed because she had been taken in so neatly.

The ringmaster came and held out his hand to see the sketch. He turned it first this way and then that to see which way to look at it, not understanding modern art. The girl's eyes caught his faint smile.

"I fell for it," she said with a wry smile.

"Fell for what?" he asked.

"Elmer's story."

"Oh, that? Does him good to get it off." He tapped his head. "He's a bit loose ever since his daughter left him."

The girl was shaken. "You mean it's true?"

"Sure. I knew her well. She was a lovely kid. But he was crazy. Took his act higher and higher . . . took bigger risks until one day . . . well, she ran away."

"Ran away?"

"Yes . . . with some boy. Never came back."

"But the wings!"

"Oh them! These clowns go heavy on the make-up. That's just a touch of romance. Well, enjoy the show!"

END

THE ringmaster turned the sketch first this way and then that, to see which way to look at it

Personally Yours

PERFUME is as individual as a personal signature. It has a magic for women, the magic of intangible femininity, the enchantment of illusion. The relationship of a perfume and You is an important thing. It calls for an understanding of the nature of perfume and how it can best be used to achieve the most subtle effect.

Few English women have made a study of choosing a personal fragrance; good perfume has been scarce through the war years, but now that it is available in increasing quantities, and as many of us are contemplating holidays abroad where supplies are limited only by the cost, it is as well to know something of the technique of selection.

Buying a new and unknown perfume is not an occasion for snap decisions. Place a little on the back of your hand and defer your final choice until you see how it appeals after a few hours' wear. The good Parisian perfumer, who knows that perfumes undergo subtle changes under different atmospheric conditions, sprays a little on to your clothes and wisely entreats you to defer your final decision until later.

If you are buying perfume in France, don't let the first sweet-smelling fragrance you encounter sweep you off your feet. Variety on the theme of perfume is infinite (especially abroad), so one can afford to experiment. Try out a number of different perfumes before deciding upon the one which suits you best.

A FRAGRANCE smelt from the bottle is no indication of the character it will assume a little later. Good perfumes change on exposure to air and vary according to the materials on which they are worn. Two drops of a perfume on a fabric dress will be quite different from the same perfume worn on a fur coat. Perfume on the skin, which is where it should be worn, is likely again to be quite different in its effect.

A perfume can set a mood and fix a personality, adding a touch of sophistication or catching the summer fragrance of youth. But there is more to it than a conscious choice of one which seems to suit some facet of your personality. Perfume, when placed on the skin, undergoes a chemical reaction which subtly changes its character. It blends with the chemicals in the body to become as much part of the wearer's appearance as the colour of her eyes or the tint of her complexion.

As no two people are identical as far as physiological make-up is concerned, one perfume will react slightly differently on different women, to produce as many versions of the same fragrance, none quite the same as the next and each unique and characteristic of the wearer.

Apart from this, the benefit of applying perfume to the skin lies in the ease with which it can be removed. Applied direct to the clothing, perfume—more especially the more pungent kind—will become stale long before it actually fades and may conflict with other perfumes that you might wish to wear later.

THE lasting quality that good perfume always had before the war is something almost forgotten. For years Europe has been cut off from the supplies of musk, which is the traditional fixing agent, and most perfumes available during the war lost their fragrance within a short time of their exposure to air.

Now that small supplies of musk are reaching the perfume manufacturers and good, lasting perfumes are once again available, they must be used with greater discrimination than the unstable ones, when errors of judgment faded, with the perfume, within a few hours.

Where

Most women are intrigued by the background to the great dressmaking houses of Paris—few have the opportunity to see inside them. Here Winifred Lewis tells about the Salons whose names are household words even to the women who cannot hope to wear their clothes.

(Above.) The spectacular First Presentation of Maggy Rouff's Spring Collection was made in the presence of Mme. Auriol, the President's wife. Cartier lent 200,000,000 francs' worth of jewels for the mannequins to wear, and refreshments were served by the exotically-clad "jeune negrillons."

A GOWN bearing the label of one of the great dressmaking houses of Paris is something that comparatively few women can hope to possess. The pearl-grey and perfumed atmosphere of the dressmakers' salons is equally remote to women who cannot hope to shop in them, yet the whole background of the Paris clothes world is intriguing. Remote and unrealistic, to many perhaps, but fascinating.

Paris is so productive of dressmakers who can claim to be in the top rank that it would be impossible to name them all or to define the qualities which distinguish the work of one from another. Every new season a slight murmur of interest in one or other of the younger up-and-coming dressmakers is heard. The murmur may swell into applause, but more often it dies away and the young dressmaker takes a modest place among the élite of the world's fashion-makers. But once in years the equanimity of the dress world is stirred by the appearance of a personality outstanding in a community of scintillating talent.

Occasionally Paris stops and stares as they stared—and are still doing—at Christian Dior, the man who, after designing for other dressmakers, opened his own house in February 1947, since when his name has gone round the world.

But what does a Parisian dress salon look like? What goes on in the plush-carpeted temples of fashion?

Most of them look much as you have probably imagined them. From outside, few are impressive, with a few exceptions, including the charming Dior establishment. Inside, they are lofty, elegant, invariably a haze of pale-grey walls and carpets. Crystal chandeliers reflect their brilliance in the deep mirrors, and the pastel colour theme is broken only by the black-clad *vendeuse* (saleswomen to you), unspectacular young women who seem perpetually engaged in negotiating a crisis. Since this impression prevails at all hours of the day and at all seasons of the year, it seems probable that I have mistaken their professional anxiety about matters concerning clothes for something more sinister.

If you were invited to witness the showing of a Collection in Paris (you would be lucky if you were, unless you can establish with the house concerned an acceptable claim to share the secrets of the new designs) you would arrive at the salon half-an-hour before the show commences to find women pouring into their reserved places on the rows of little gold chairs. They are fashion journalists, buyers from all over the world, men and women in some way connected with the clothes industry and with a professional interest in the merchandise, if one may use such a term in connection with so much glamour. Long after the appointed hour of commencement, in a perfumed atmosphere registering anything up to 90 degs. (and which the French endure with complacency and every sign of approval), the first model floats through the wide double doors.

The French mannequin has a genius for wearing clothes, but she is not always beautiful. The posturing that one associates—I am sorry to say it—with many English models is nowhere to be seen. These women seem to float in the clothes. They are casual, exquisite and unconcerned.

In their own dressing-room after the show, the professional mask is dropped and they are a chattering collection of young girls, eating sweets, drinking tea, teasing the *concierge* who drops in with messages as unconcerned and unaware as they of their semi-nudity. A cat sits on the dressing-table with lipstick on its nose, a girl is posing for a drawing, another is standing patiently for a fitting. The clothes which looked so exotic against the background of the pearl-grey salon now hang limply upon their hangers, depleted, at close inspection even a little soiled, from their many showings.

Clothes Are Born

(Top left.) So that her midinettes shall enjoy the finished effect of the clothes they have helped to create, Lafaurie gives a special showing of the Collection to her staff. (Above.) Mme. Marguerite, in the background of the picture, is the inspired principal assistant of Christian Dior—the woman responsible for the practical interpretation of the great dressmaker's dreams. (Left.) The Dior establishment in the Avenue Montaigne, which, in two years, has become one of the most famous fashion houses in the world.

In the workrooms the same critical atmosphere prevails at Collection time. Orders are pouring in and models must be finished. The cost of a French gown becomes more understandable, quite apart from the exclusivity of the design, when one of these garments is taken in the hand and the quality and intricacy of the workmanship is examined. The most glamorous clothes in the world are created behind the pearl-grey salons in workrooms far less exotic. The women who cut, fit and sew for the world's richest women; whose inspired workmanship is unsurpassed, are far from glamorous themselves. They have the secrets of the highest fashion at their finger-tips, but for their own adornment they are content, in most cases, with standards of dress which the average housewife would look upon with scorn.

(Right.) The staircase in the Christian Dior Salon which has achieved fame in its own right by reason of the eager crowds which congest it daily before and during the showing of his clothes.

TEEN·AGE DESIGNS

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of 2-ply " Lavenda " ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 3 small buttons ; 3 yards of narrow ribbon.
MEASUREMENTS : From top to lower edge, 21 ins. (measured down side) ; all-round underarms, 32 ins.
TENSION : 10 sts. to 1 in.

Lace Wool Cami·Knicks

FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 30 sts. Rib 2¾ ins. k. 1, p. 1 ; inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of last row (32 sts.). Continue in the following pattern :

1st row.—(Right side) p. 3, * k. 5, p. 3. Repeat from * ending last repeat. K. 5 *

2nd row.—K. 3, * p. 5, k. 3. Repeat from * to end.

3rd row.—P. 3, * k. 1, m. 1 (w.f.), s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1 (w.f.), k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from * ending last repeat. K. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1.

4th row.—As 2nd row. These 4 rows form pattern. Work pattern for 8 rows.

Now cast on 8 sts. at the beg. of every row until 104 sts., then cast on 5 sts. at the beg. of every row until 132 sts.

Work without further shaping until 4 ins. (measured down the side of leg). Then dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row following until work measures 13 ins. down the side of leg. Change to No. 12 needles. Work in k. 1, p. 1. Make a row of holes.

Next row.—* Rib 4, take 2 tog., m. 1. Repeat from * to end. Rib 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and main pattern. Work for 5 ins. (ending on the last row of pattern. Cast off loosely.

(*Continued on page* 64)

MATERIALS : 7 ozs. of Templeton's 3-ply " Ayrbeam " Super Scotch Fingering in primrose ; ¼ oz. each of 3-ply in orange and green ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 2 buttons ; No. 12 crochet hook.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19½ ins. ; back and front underarm, 16 ins. ; underarm of sleeve seams, 6 ins.
TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

Note : p. = primrose ; g. = green ; o. = orange.

Primrose Pullover

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and primrose wool cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern :

1st row.—*K. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—As 1st row.

3rd row.—* P. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end.

4th row.—As 3rd row. These 4 rows form pattern.

Continue for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 116 sts. and work measures 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 86 sts., then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of the next row (85 sts.). Now work the 19 rows of Fair Isle pattern as follows :

FAIR ISLE PATTERN

Work in stocking stitch. One row knit, one row purl. (*Contd. on p.* 64)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; beg. = beginning ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; tog. = together ; w.f. = wool forward ; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over.*

(Left.) A white and red design on a pale-blue ground in linen-type rayon. This dress can be worn with or without the bolero jacket. Price £3 10s. 7d.

(Left to right.) Rayon linen-weave suit with white flowers on a navy ground. Price £2 17s. Horrockses' check cotton in two tones of grey on white is worn with a frilled petticoat. Price £5 8s. 2d. without petticoat. Navy and white striped corded-weave cotton. A Linzi model, price approx. 88s. 6d.

Summer on the Way

Details of where these dresses can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to the Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Question Time

Many questions on domestic topics come to cross-section from our postbag. Perhaps the information on any of the matters referred to "Britannia and Eve," 1, New

SITTING-ROOM

1. *I am planning to refurnish my sitting-room and would like the curtains to be of the same material as the upholstery fabric. Is this possible?*

Well-designed, metal-frame furniture is available upholstered in attractive hand-woven fabrics, at a shop near London, which also supplies lengths of the same fabric which can be made into curtains, loose covers, etc.

2. *The loose covers in my sitting-room are worn at the arms and the front of the seat. Can you suggest any good method of renovating by utilising the best of the old material with some new?*

Cut out the back and sides from the chair covers and use these sound parts to repair the worn arms and seat. Replace the missing parts with plain material which tones or contrasts.

3. *The heavy curtains at the casement of my sitting-room are past repair. This is a draughty window. What could I use?*

Khaki-coloured Army blankets can be dyed very attractive shades of cinnamon and rust and make good heavyweight curtains, particularly if lined and trimmed with matching braid and fringe.

BEDROOM

1. *I have been asked £15 for a whitewood, single-size bedhead, uncovered. Can you suggest an attractive alternative that will be less costly?*

With a carpenter's help, a large, oval, wooden picture-frame can be made into a bedhead. The frame is cut across one-third the way down and the two portions mounted on wooden stands, the smaller one making the foot and the larger portion turned up to make the headboard. The frame can then be gilded or painted to match the rest of the woodwork in the room.

2. *There is damp in my bedroom cupboard. Is there any way of mitigating this?*

There is a small electric heater in a perforated metal container to prevent scorching which costs no more than a 100-watt bulb to run, and if turned on for an hour or two each day, will keep the cupboard dry.

3. *I love a feminine décor in my bedroom, but my husband says frills and flounces make him feel nervous. Can you suggest a decorative colour scheme which will satisfy my taste for the frivolous without intruding too much on his masculine sensibilities?*

Peach and brown as a bedroom scheme can be attractive without being affected. Walls and woodwork can be peach, carpet and bedspread brown, with peach lampshades and cushions.

in the House

us through the post. These examples are a answers may be helpful to you, too. Further can be had from the Woman's Department, Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

KITCHEN

1. *It is my ambition to have a tiled kitchen, but this is quite out of the question. Can you recommend any particular type of paint for giving a hard and glossy surface?*

There is a new type of paint particularly recommended for kitchen and bathroom walls. This paint is made in a wide range of colours, each with a special undercoating tinted to match.

2. *We wish to replace the old linoleum in the kitchen with something durable and washable and, if possible, permanent. Is there any alternative to tiling, which is too costly an undertaking for the time being?*

Coloured asphalt flooring is a good proposition and can be laid by a builder at a very reasonable cost. The finished surface has a high polish. The asphalt is laid over the floorboards and can be had in several colours.

3. *Our kitchen is small. Do you know of a combined cooker and hot-water boiler, economical to run, which will take up the minimum space?*

There is a solid-fuel cooker which is 30 ins. wide and burns only 1 to 1½ cwts. of fuel a week, providing a continuous hot oven and constant hot water. The cooker is simple to maintain, and oven temperatures are regulated by a single control. The stove is finished in vitreous enamel.

HALL AND STAIRS

1. *Can you suggest an inexpensive and effective covering for the stairs in place of stair carpet?*

Strips of carpet felt the width of the tread can be bound with carpet braid and tacked in place. The felt will last longer if the strips are not taken over the edge which takes most wear.

2. *I am proud of my ground-floor rooms, but in spite of all my efforts, the entrance-hall remains unimpressive. Is there anything one can do in a very narrow hall to give it individuality?*

Georgian striped wallpaper, taken right up to the cornice, can look attractive in a narrow hall, particularly if the woodwork is painted cream or white to match the ground colour in the paper.

3. *The white paintwork of my hall and stairs is difficult to clean and so undistinguished. Would you recommend a colour that is reasonably serviceable and not too bizarre?*

Glossy black paint in the hall is practical and can look effective against dead white walls. Alternatively, you could try very dark or navy blue paint against pale blue walls, or French grey paint with pastel pink walls.

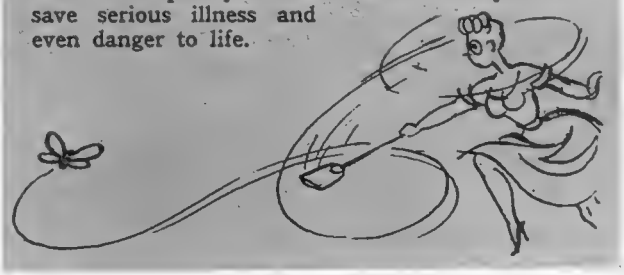
Summer Offensive

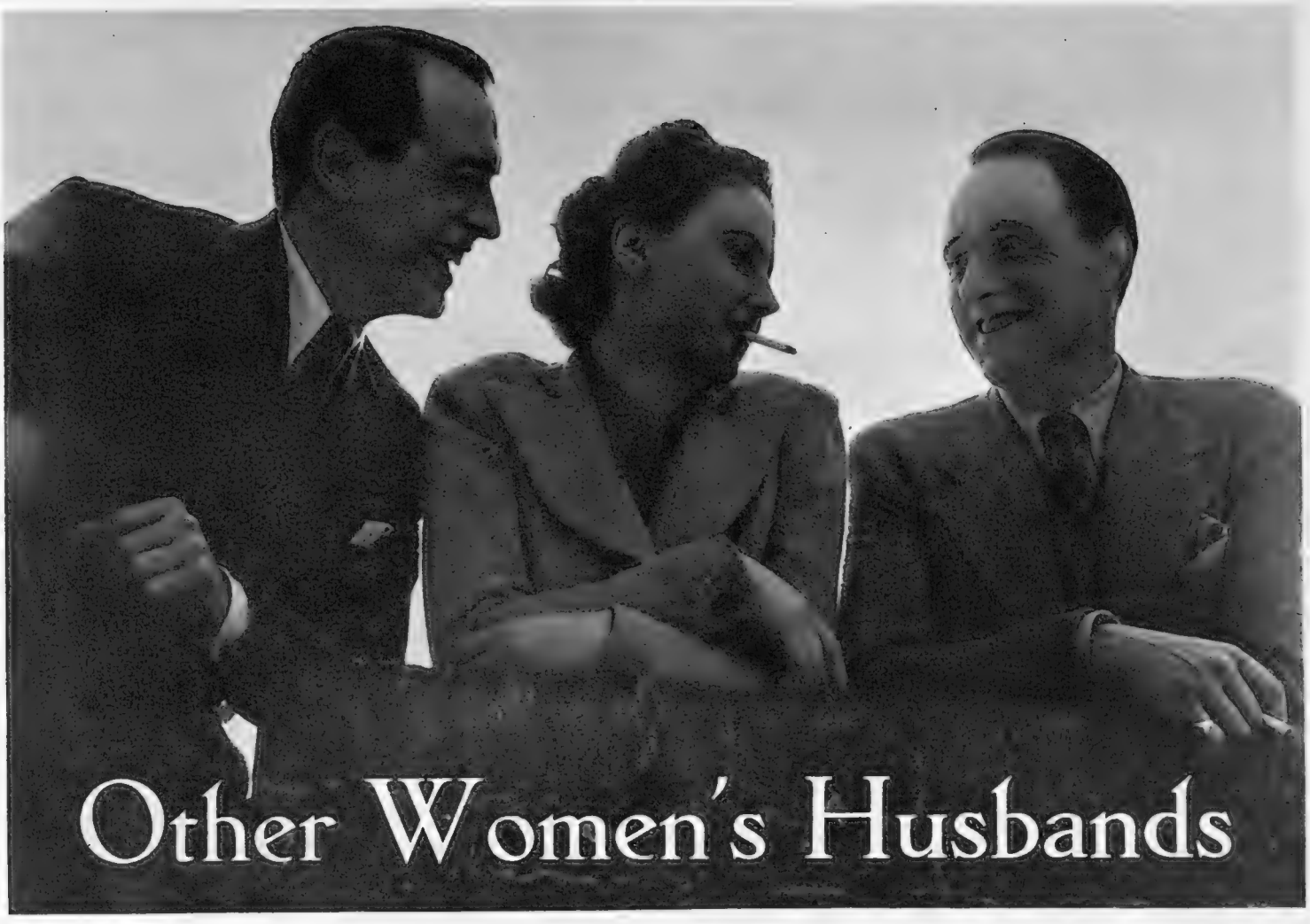
THE long and serious epidemic of infantile paralysis has put the country on its toes against the spread of infection. It is a known fact that the common house-fly presents the greatest single danger to public health and life, particularly among children.

Start your summer offensive early against the fly pest by using every means to prevent their breeding. Refuse—house refuse particularly—is the main breeding-ground. Decaying food, uncovered dustbins, even rotting vegetable matter in the garden is a potential danger. The efficient and rapid disposal of kitchen waste is vital.

Sour milk attracts flies, so see that milk bottles are well rinsed when emptied. If a meal table is laid in advance, cover milk, jam, cakes and, in fact, everything with a clean cloth until the meal commences. Fix mosquito-netting over the larder window. Make muslin covers for the meat and wash the meat well before covering.

Flies, like mice, are thickest where there is food. Simple precautions against the exposure of food even in the pantry are worth while if they are to save serious illness and even danger to life.





Other Women's Husbands

AMONG the minor mysteries of life is the fact that other women's husbands have an unfailing tendency to put one's own husband in an unfavourable light. Most women will confess it, if they are truthful. The virtues that are festooned about the characters of men to whom other women are married is a source of mystery and fascination to me.

Why is it that my friends' husbands are so much more receptive than my own? If I begin to tell my husband a funny story, three things can happen: Either he leaps from his chair saying, "that reminds me, darling, but I left the light on in the garage" or, "by the way, there is something I must tell you before I forget"; or he lowers his paper with an air of resignation which takes the heart out of my story before I have scarcely begun.

Not so my friends' husbands. They *listen*. They even listen with interest, invariably make the right responses, and laugh as though it were a story they must tell at the office.

Take the situation about the garden, for another thing.

My husband is an impassioned gardener. He takes to the soil in earnest, usually at meal-times or when our friends are expected for tea. Gardening in our house is a drama, whereas my friends' husbands take it in a lighter vein, looking like happy vagabonds in their gardening kit, while my husband looks like something out of Botany Bay when convicts dressed the part.

When I get a new hat, my friends' husbands stand at arms'-length, head a little on one side, and say: "New hat, isn't it? Looks very fetching!"

From my husband I get: "Is it a new one? I thought you got it for Lucy's wedding last year," or "H-hmmm. What did it cost?" It wounds a woman to know her husband has no soul about money.

Other women's husbands leap to the door when I come in with coffee; they escort me to the bus when I 'm leaving after a visit, as if a nice cosy walk in sub-Arctic conditions or in a downpour of rain were what they enjoyed most after a cosy evening by the fire. They never make meaning signs to me when offering cigarettes (to be translated as: "I 've only got a dozen to last till the morning").

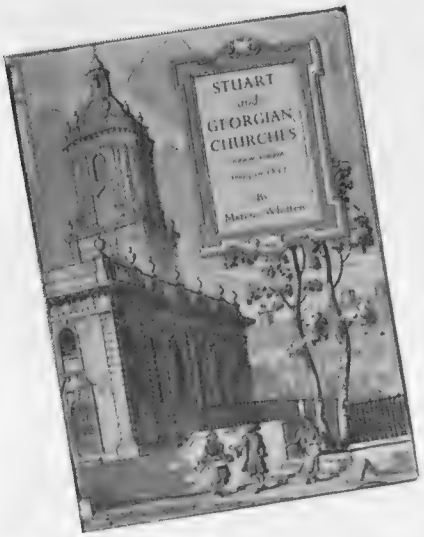
Best of all, other women's husbands never talk, with a nostalgic look in the eye, of the things they 'd hoped to do one day, so that I feel like a gaoler or the piece of cheese in the trap of Holy Matrimony.

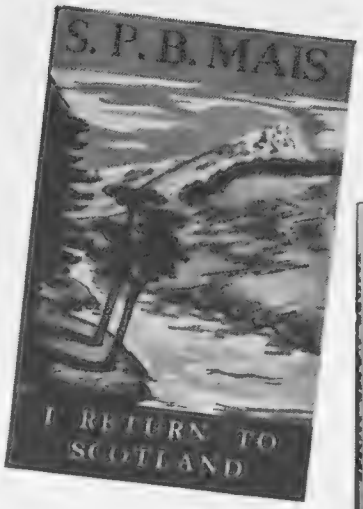
MY husband can grill a steak and boil an egg; though, of course, we didn't foresee that these would be negligible assets in 1947, but used to agree that he was a good cook. But he has no pioneering streak. He won't experiment with dried egg and onion peels and scraps of *passé* cheese, turning out a supper fit for a king and no inroads made upon the rations, as other women's husbands do (I 'm told). Left to himself, my husband throws the week's bacon ration into a pan with the last two chops and the egg we were saving and says there was nothing in the larder, but he managed a makeshift meal.

And when I 'm ill. . . . Then, above all, I ask why is it that other women's husbands are such superior creatures to my own. They bring me flowers and books, and assure me that having one's tonsils out is a major operation needing loving care and solicitude. My husband is so wrought-up by the idea that I just may be the hundred-to-one hæmorrhage case that he is too distraught to bring anything except a bunch of letters, which are mostly bills. By his whole manner, I infer that *he* is really the chap who ought to be in bed.

The mystery deepens before my eyes when I observe my husband assuming the same admirable virtues in the company of other men's wives, notwithstanding that his later comments are little likely to endear him to the ladies concerned.

MARGARET STEVENSON.





Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

MR. COLLIN BROOKS, editor of *Truth*, croons no lullaby over the 1930's decade. "It came in like a ravening wolf, and went out like a roaring lion. It began in world economic chaos, and ended with the world at war," he writes in "Devil's Decade" (MacDonald, 15s.), focusing the period mainly through pen-portraits of its monarchs, statesmen, politicians, financiers, press lords, writers and musicians. There are some astute asides. Coward's art was in "holding up the mirror to ill-nature." Shaw "first filled the Fabian Society with drama and then filled the drama with the Fabian Society." The first Lord Rothermere emerges as no mere money-grubber but omnivorous reader of European history, fervid Brontë-worshipper, lover of Italian art, amateur antiquarian, keen horticulturist, whose favourite meal seemed to be beef sandwiches, tinned fruit, and seed cake, and who virtually gave up smoking and drinking at fifty. Mr. Brooks is frank in diagnosis, Johnsonian in judgment, but often too general and impersonal. I have heard him tell better stories of Rothermere than appear in this book. Must they remain "off the record?"

CRUEL in victory, tame in defeat, but never unkind to children is Mrs. Agnes Keith's judgment on the Japanese in "Three Came Home" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). An American married to the British Conservator of Forests in North Borneo, with an eighteen-month-old-son, they were interned for three and a half years under appalling conditions, but through the horrors and suffering shine courage, humour, compassion and common sense to redeem the tragic from the sordid. She tries to remember that the Japs she saw were as war, not God, made them, and says: "The story of war is always the story of hate. If there is hate, it is for hateful qualities, not for nations"—a fine distinction perhaps over-tolerant, when one reads that she was kicked until her ribs cracked. There was nothing sweet about the commandant in charge of Borneo prisoners, though his name was Colonel Suga. . . .

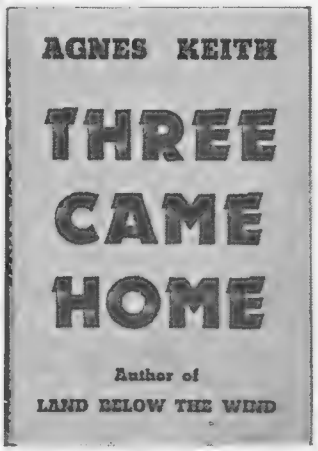
A guide-book to operas? Why not? Mr. Stephen Williams interprets the stories of sixty, with musical illustration, in "Come to the Opera!" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), and I for one am grateful, counting myself shamelessly among those of whom he writes in his rhymed prologue:

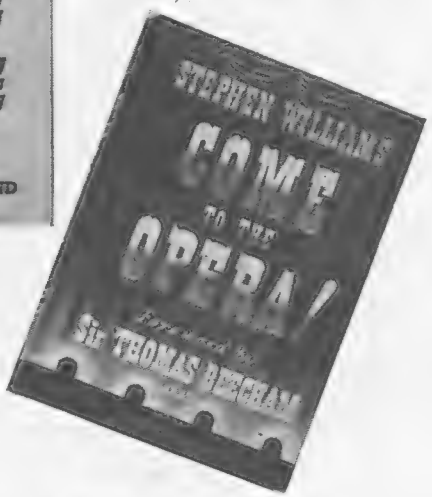
Perchance in opera houses
you have sat,
And wondered what the devil
they were at. . . .

I'm not sure that his expert exposition will reconcile a love of operatic music to the intense artificiality of story and recitative, but this book—with Sir Thomas Beecham's blessing — should help.

At least it is written with such zest as to exclude it from the reproach:

And many books on
operatic scores
Are written by un-
operatic bores. . . .





SOUL OF A WRITER

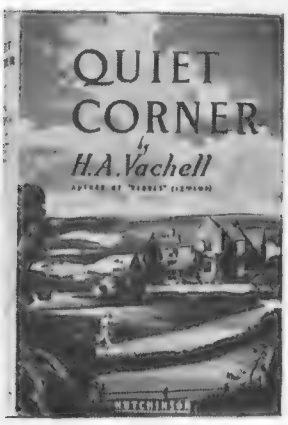
STEFAN ZWEIG, ace biographer of *Marie Antoinette* and *Mary Stuart*, took his life in Brazil, the refugee secretary whom he had married dying with him: a tragic ending to an illustrious career. In **"Stefan Zweig"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) his first wife, Friderike, tells the story of their romantic love when she was already a wife and mother, marriage and their Salzburg mountain home where he wrote his most important works, their travels together, the final break-up helped by the Nazi upheaval which wrung from him the protest: "We cannot be supposed to suffer during our entire lives for the stupidities of politics, which have always robbed, never enriched us."

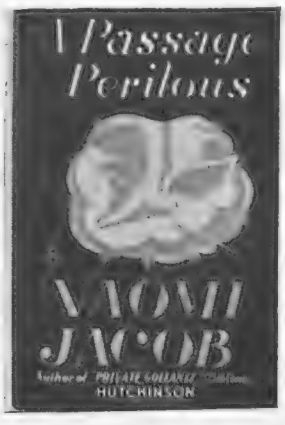
It is a psychological and spiritual biography essentially for the serious reader, and at times heavy going. It absorbed me, but then from youth up I have revered writers of genius, knowing something of their tormenting struggle for perfection, and that the triumph they achieve hardly outweighs the frustration they inwardly suffer. Few books have shown so clearly that what appears to be fame's laurelled path may also be a tortured soul's *via dolorosa*.

As guide to the less-known beauties north of the Tweed Mr. S. P. B. Mais is a tried companion. **"I Return to Scotland"** (Christopher Johnson, 10s. 6d.), his particular affection is for the Loch Tay Highlands, though his wanderings cover most places of interest from Border to Hebrides. Photographs, maps, clear type and good paper make this a handsome book at the price.

Handsome, too, with colour frontispiece, drawings and 150 photographs, is Mr. Marcus Whiffen's study of church architecture outside London, 1603-1837; **"Stuart and Georgian Churches"** (Batsford, 18s.), written to show that this period, by many despised, has its riches and "discoveries."

I know, when I pick up a Faber novel, that at least it will have literary quality as part of a tradition scrupulously built up through the years. In Miss Jean Stafford's **"The Mountain Lion"** (8s. 6d.), that quality is high. She is concerned with the youth relationship of a brother and sister in a Californian family and the quest of a golden lioness which may have a sex symbolism and culminates in tragedy. The style is simple, intuitive, poetic, and there are sub-characters (*Continued on page* 68)





In Search of Glamour

THIS season's hats are certainly doing their best to provide a little light-hearted escapism from the sombre news of world affairs. Gay hats demand gleaming hair and so we can all welcome the newest liquid shampoo which scientists have taken several years to perfect and has at last been introduced. It is called Gloria and is foolproof even when used at home in the hardest water. I have seen some interesting and amusing tests: one which proved the tremendous lathering capacity in hard water, and another where a tooth brush was rubbed into a repulsive mixture of Hoover dust and water until the brush was as black as soot. The brush was then rubbed a few times in the liquid shampoo mixture, rinsed, and became clean again. This preparation is mild enough to use when washing children's hair, and if a campaign could only be started to persuade husbands, fathers and brothers to use this preparation instead of ducking their heads in the bath-tub, we would really have a family shampoo.

Jane Gordon

FIGURES have certainly changed during the past few months. I had not realized how drastic the change had been until I went to a dress show and tried on the models myself. I have always been able to wear models but, in the past, the waist has invariably been too big for me. Now, I have the greatest difficulty in fastening a model waist. A mannequin of 5 ft. 6 in., or thereabouts, used to have a waist measurement of approximately 26 in., 34 in. bust and 36—37 in. hips. Her waist measurement now is 24 in. and the little boned belt she wears under the model dresses reduces her waist by another 2 in. bringing it down from the original 26 in. to the present laced and boned 22 in.

There is no doubt about it, that these little boned Waspie-Waists are going to be worn more and more. The prices in London range from just under £2 to eight guineas for the short models—length about 6–8 in. I have seen the longer boned laced French corsets, priced at twenty-five guineas. To my mind, the most practical of the short type are the lightly boned ones which lace at the back and hook down the front. The suspenders are, of course, very long indeed in order to make up for the shortness of the belt. Some of these Waspie-Waists merely hook down the front and this does not seem to me as practical as the laced models, because you can alter the lacing to make the belt larger or smaller.

When buying the Waspie-Waists with the back lacing, you have to allow at least 2 in. preferably 3 in. for the lacing. So if your waist is 26 in. or 27 in., the Waspie-Waist should be size 24 in. Opinions vary as to whether these little belts can be worn under suits. The answer is that if you are wearing one of the new season's suits, they can be; but if you are wearing a classic tailor-made, it would not look right. Some of these little waist belts are made without suspenders and are supposed to be worn over your own suspender belt, which seems to me most impractical.

If you think back over the past twenty-five years you will realize how women have changed their figures. After the 1914–18 war, it was the fashion to be flat-chested and slightly round-shouldered. There was a garment called the camisole, which was designed for the sole purpose of making your chest appear flat. Women with curves wore the camisole as tight as possible in order to flatten their chests. Waists were allowed to expand and during that period when the waist belt came near the hips the only object of the suspender belt was to flatten any curves at the back of the body in order to match the flat chest. During the past few years busts have come into fashion again and the tight suspender belt has unbalanced the body line. Now, in order to bring back all the natural curves the waist line has been accentuated. You may deplore boned belts and back lacing and, like all fashions, it can be overdone. But there are very few women whose health would not be greatly improved by tightening up their stomach muscles and reducing their waist line at least 2 in. by exercises and a moderate amount of light support. The best waist reducing and muscle tightening exercises are the maternity and post-operative exercises. These are worked out to help a woman regain her (*Continued on page* 62)

Is Anaesthesia Old-fashioned?

THE recent account of a young mother's delivery of her baby under the influence of hypnosis has brought to the fore again the whole question of painless childbirth. Just what are women themselves seeking as the solution? Do they really want to have their babies knowing nothing whatever about the arrival—either its pains or its joys, until they come to and find it all a *fait accompli*? Is there not even a shock in this, particularly with a first baby, just as there is undoubted shock in a distressful birth without analgesia?

Do not perhaps many women experience some of the emotions of a young mother in Dr. Grantly Dick Read's *The Revelation of Childbirth*, who said to him : "I want to have a baby that I *know* to be my own. My child is very sweet, but I have never really felt he is mine. Can you make this baby part of me after it is born?"

To have one's baby knowing nothing about it; to have it at once whisked away into a remote ward, rarely to see or hear it, never to hold it except at the closely scheduled moments when it is wheeled in under the care of nurse for mother to try for fifteen or twenty minutes to feed, a complete small stranger, is frequently modern motherhood. Is that perhaps why Dr. Dick Read's patient felt that somewhere she was missing something. In theory at any rate, to have a baby ought to be the most wonderful experience in a woman's life. But have we really found the right approach to making it so?

Quite a number of leading pædiatricians are beginning to think along these lines and to urge changes even if they do not in every direction share Dr. Dick Read's ideas.

He, in a nutshell, believes and has unquestionably demonstrated in a great number of cases, that with adequate preparation, teaching the mind and so the body, to relax and be free of anxiety, with its accompanying tightening of the muscles at the wrong time, the processes of delivery in a normal confinement can be without pain. The preparation he insists must go on throughout the waiting months and needs honest and conscientious practice if it is to be a success. Too many women, he feels, do not understand enough in advance about the changes in their own body during the waiting months, or even the various stages of labour. The unknown can so easily be frightening, and under the present system too many mothers-to-be are left young and uninstructed, alone, to "get on with it" in the earlier stages of labour. Or they are left with others in the same state, or are an hour or so ahead of the others. These women, he contends are rendered hyper-sensitive to pain long before they reach the delivery table.

DR. DICK READ does not for one minute expect mothers to be Spartan and endure pain even for the most triumphant ends of motherhood. His whole insistence is that there need be no pain. But he always has immediately at hand gas and air analgesia for the mother who desires its help and believes that it should be offered to her freely and readily. But reading his book one wonders whether half his secret does not rest on his unusual insight into the deeper urges of motherhood and womanhood, for he stands by his cases very closely even from the early stages of the confinement, giving his patients confidence in their own powers to control the different stages and prevent fear from creeping into the picture. It must rather be a magnificent emotional and physical achievement than an ordeal and it is another of his swift strokes of understanding that makes him instantly place the new baby in the mother's arms. The biological reaction however is the prompt contraction of the uterus which for the mother means the easy and painless expulsion of the afterbirth.

(*Continued on page* 68)

You Are Younger

IT is the exceptional woman who has never sighed : "I'm not as young as I was." Yet most of us who have done so are a good deal younger than we think. Most people grow until between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. At twenty-five the maximum physical powers have been reached ; then comes five or ten years' stability followed by a very gradual decline. Often this decline is not as much as people imagine, or how, then, does one account for women in their sixties and seventies who get through an enormous amount of hard work, or others who hunt, swim and play a good game of golf or tennis?

There is no doubt that for the woman who who wants a "second blooming" there are things more essential than clothes and cosmetics, although they, too, play a big part psychologically. She must become emotionally stable ; she must be adaptable ; she must learn endurance, and she must have a sense of humour for times when things go wrong. The small things which go wrong are much more ageing and worrying than big problems which can be faced squarely and courageously. Most people possess one or two of these characteristics but they should all be cultivated. Together they add up to self-esteem and self-approval indispensable to the peace of mind of the older woman.

Worry will undermine health and morale ; it will add ten years to the appearance in a very short time, which no amount of care will take back. Worry is lack of

Styled To Suit Your Features

A NEW hairstyle should be as carefully chosen as a new hat to flatter the features and suit the shape of the head. Hairstyles cannot be tried on like hats, but if you follow these simple basic rules you cannot go far wrong.

A hairstyle should aim at dramatizing good features and concealing poor ones. If ears are not your best feature, do not draw attention to them by an ear-revealing treatment. If the neckline at the back is thin, avoid an upswept style. A classic brow or a widow's peak are often sufficiently attractive in themselves to have the hair styled around them.

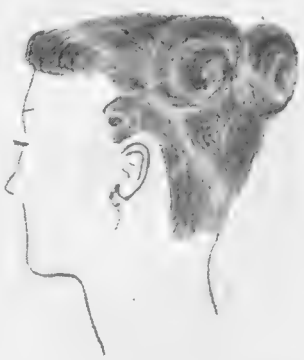
Here are the basic rules for each of the main facial types. The woman with a round face and short neck should sweep up the hair to give added height. Keep it as close as possible at the sides and back to take away from the width.

For the round face, *Raymond* creates a hairstyle built up to give height with the sides kept as close as possible to the head

At the opposite end of the scale, the long face need not present a hairdressing problem so long as the aim is always to create an illusion of softness and roundness. Flat curls on the forehead, worn high if the forehead is excessively deep, and soft curls over the ears will detract from the length of the face.

The square-chinned woman with a rather heavy jaw must go all out to create an illusion of roundness. A shoulder length page-boy will suit her. For more dressy occasions, side curls will be flattering worn with a bolster roll and turned under fringe.

Many smart women are wearing the smooth, low hair-do with centre parting, swept back into a low bun or bunch of curls in the nape of the neck. This style is only for the very beautiful, distinctive or chic woman and should be avoided by all others.



A curved fringe and wavelets over the ears give a softening appearance to the long face.—Styled by *Raymond*

Bangs and curls are fashionable as part of the New Look, and there is no doubt they are extremely becoming and very feminine. With a youthful-looking heartshape face and New Look frock wear a forehead bang, sweep the hair up at the sides and back, and have a knot of curls on the crown in the Grecian manner.

For the first time since the early 'thirties' the ears can be covered by those whom such a style becomes. With an oval face part the hair in the centre very smoothly and have curls arranged over the ears.

Many women look their best with the hair simply rolled up and off the face from either a centre or side parting. A forehead fringe could be introduced into this style to give it a very smart touch which will be flattering when worn with one of the gay little boaters so popular now.

If you decide upon a fringe do not try to cut one yourself. Let your hairdresser do it for you, and he will taper it correctly so that it will curl softly. You may, (*Continued on page* 62)

Than You Think

faith, so try to put it aside by waiting until the problems really arise and deal with them one at a time. Doctors say that women worry more than men. Often their basic origin is in the desire for security.

It is cheering to realize that doctors put the heyday of intellectual development between thirty-five and sixty-five. Given enthusiasm and an interest in life, the brain is better then than it was in the twenties. That is why it is so mistaken of employers who often stress the "too old at forty" theme. Consider some of the greatest brains in the world to-day; they belong to people well over fifty, and even sixty. Actors and actresses, statesmen, doctors and scientists, not forgetting great writers such as Bernard Shaw. Many of them are well into old age.

Too many people become old before their time by waiting for to-morrow. It is folly to put off doing something that would give pleasure if you were to do it to-day. Psychologists stress that a few small pleasures release the feeling of tension from which we all suffer. Women who resolve to do something that they enjoy at least once a week will soon find that they are mentally rejuvenated. Make an adventurous change somehow, even if it is only wearing a new colour which you have never dared to try before, or a more frivolous hat. These in themselves may reveal the fact that you are younger than you think.

The nervous fatigue from which many of us suffer now must be taken into account. This "can't be bothered" feeling, is not due to physical decline. It is mostly due to nervous fatigue; to hurrying along all day without being able to relax, or waiting until the last moment to do something which must be done. This is where occasionally doing (*Continued on page 62*)

(*On right*) Rita Hayworth has the youthful curve of jaw and neckline to suit the short, upswept curls which balance so well with New Look clothes

(*Below*) Ella Raines's version of the sleek, shoulder length pageboy suits the square-jawed type admirably

(*Below*) Vivien Leigh has the oval face ideally suited to wear the fashionable curled fringe

Eye Wrinkles

IT is not always age, by any means, which causes lines and crows' feet round the eyes. Often these are due to laughter, eye-strain and screwing up the eyes against strong sunlight. The skin round the eyes is so delicate that it can be easily "creased" and pulled and it should be treated with infinite care.

A new eye-cream just on the market which, if used regularly, is helpful in correcting crêpey eyelids and fine lines. It must be applied very delicately without any rubbing whatever. Grease the finger-tips and apply with fairylike touch working from the outer corner of the eyes towards the nose. Describe swift, light circles first of all, then "patter" on the upper lids. Look upwards and "patter" under the eyes on the lower lids. Leave a trace of the cream on all night. A very little of this cream used on the upper lids in the daytime instead of eye-shadow will give a youthful, luminous appearance and nourish the skin tissues at the same time.

Health and Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Making Bread And Scones

GRISINI AND FRENCH BREAD

BORN and bred in the North Country where tea is perhaps the most important meal of the day, I have always retained a weakness for tea-cakes and scones and all the exciting variety of breads and buns. Again, on the Continent, I was always fascinated by the windows of bakeries temptingly arrayed with brioche, Croissants and so on.

I would far rather have a tea table set with hot scones or fancy breads than many of our economy cakes of to-day. Here is good fare that is light on ingredients and labour, and can be successfully combined into dishes for other meals as well as tea.

French bread is delicious for little dinner rolls or twists and grisini, which is the same with the addition of an egg, makes crisp sticks which form a good accompaniment to cheese. For grisini, make the dough very long and ¼ in. thick and a few rings 2 in. across. Cook till crisp. Thread sticks through rings.

GRISINI AND FRENCH BREAD

Ingredients: 1 lb. flour; 2 oz. margarine; ½ teaspoonful warm water; 1 egg for Grisini; ½ pint lukewarm milk; ¾ oz. yeast; teaspoonful salt.

Place yeast, water and a pinch of sugar in a warm bowl to rise. Put margarine and flour together in another warm bowl, add salt, and rub margarine into flour. Pour yeast mixture into

How To Roast A Boiling Fowl

THERE are some occasions when we want a roasting fowl and have to content ourselves with the more economic boiling variety. These, however, can be turned into an excellent and tender roast dinner if treated in the following way.

The day before give the bird a good boiling—2 to 3 hours, according to its size and age. Leave it overnight when it will dry well and drain out all moisture. The next day brush the bird well all over with cooking oil which is now obtainable and dredge with flour. It can now be roasted in the ordinary way. Cook it slowly and baste thoroughly and frequently.

When working this transformation I usually stuff the fowl before roasting either with a herb forcemeat or, if I have it to spare, with a stuffing made of sausage meat, which is a very pleasant accompaniment.

Note: To prepare a fowl for boiling; first draw, singe and wash bird. Cut off legs at first joint and the neck close to body leaving neck skin to turn in. Twist pinions on to its back and truss with skewer or string. Repeat with the legs and put bird into pan of water breast downwards.

Left-Over

ONE is so often left with a number of awkward odds and ends of vegetables that it is difficult to know how to use them. There are occasions when I purposely cook too many vegetables, such as carrots, peas, beans, celery, leeks and so on, as all these make such good foundations to many appetizing snack dishes, salads and currys or as an addition to soup. Here are some of the many ways in which these left-overs may be used.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS WITH BACON ROLLS

Ingredients: 4 rashers bacon; about 1 lb. cooked brussels sprouts; a few cooked prunes; seasoning.

Cut rashers in half and fill each half with a teaspoonful of minced or chopped prune. Roll up, put on skewers and fry. Keep hot. Fry sprouts in bacon fat. Season well and toss them a little. Pile sprouts in centre of dish with bacon rolls round. Serve very hot.

CAULIFLOWER AND POTATO RISSOLES

Ingredients: Equal quantities of cooked cauliflower and mashed potato; about ¼ pint thick cheese sauce; mock rice; tomatoes.

Cream cauliflower and potato together and blend with just enough sauce to form a stiff mixture. Shape into rissoles, brush over with milk and coat with crumbs. Fry until golden brown. Serve on a bed of mock rice decorated with rings of fried tomatoes.

GREEN PEA AND CARROT MOULD

Ingredients: About 1 pint cooked peas and 1 pint sieved carrot; seasoning; sprig of mint; 3 oz. breadcrumbs.

Stir crumbs in with peas, sieved, and two or three mint leaves finely chopped. Fill a greased pudding basin with alternate layers of pea mixture and sieved carrot, press all well down. Tie up with pudding cloth and steam for 30 minutes. Turn out and serve with left-over new potatoes fried.

VEGETABLE RAVIOLIS

Ingredients: Raviolis paste.—¾ lb. flour; 1 oz. margarine; 1 egg reconstituted; a little milk and water mixed.
Filling.—Left-overs of spinach or greens; thick white sauce; seasoning.

The raviolis: Add salt to flour. Rub in fat and make a smooth, firm paste with the egg and milk and water. Leave for 20 minutes. Roll out very thinly.

Mix spinach or greens with enough sauce

ORANGE SCONES

DOUGH RINGS

centre. Add milk and knead into light dough. Leave bowl, covered, in warm place to rise (1 hour). Form into rolls, twists or any fancy shapes. Place on greased baking-tin and bake in quick oven, Reg. 7 or 450° F. When nearly cooked brush with milk to glaze.

CANADIAN GIRDLE CAKES

Ingredients: ½ lb. self-raising flour; pinch salt; 1 gill milk and water.

Sift salt into flour. Form into stiff dough with milk. Roll out nearly ¼-in. thick, cut into rounds or triangles, cook on girdle or in good oven, Reg. 6 or 400° F. A thick frying-pan can be used for any girdle scones.

ORANGE SCONES

Ingredients: 8 oz. self-raising flour; 2 oz. fat; heaped desertspoonful baking powder; 3 desertspoonfuls sugar; grated rind of an orange; juice of ½ an orange; about ½ gill milk and water.

Sift salt and baking powder into flour and rub in fat, add orange rind and sugar. Form into light dough with milk and juice. Roll out about ½ in. thick.

By Harriet Muir

Make two cuts across each and insert a little marmalade into the cuts. Brush over with milk and cook in good oven, Reg. 6 or 400° F., about 20 minutes.

DOUGH RINGS

Ingredients: 6 oz. flour (self-raising); teaspoonful baking powder; 1 oz. margarine; 1 egg reconstituted; salt.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Rub in fat, (*Contd. on page* 61)

Vegetables

to bind. Season well. Lay a small teaspoonful of mixture at intervals on half the paste, leaving about ¾-in. margin all round. Moisten margins with a little egg and milk and cover with other half of paste. Press lightly round edges and each heap of vegetable and cut round the heaps with a fluted cutter. Arrange on a floured board. Have ready a saucepan half-full of boiling salted water. Plunge in the ravioli and boil slowly for about 5 minutes. Drain and arrange on a shallow fireproof dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and cover with tomato sauce. Bake in a moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F., for about 45 minutes.

STUFFED CUCUMBER

Ingredients: Cucumber; 2 or 3 rashers of bacon (cooked); 4 oz. sausage meat; about 4 tablespoonfuls white sauce.

Peel cucumber thinly and cut small pieces. Cut out centres leaving a firm shell of cucumber. Mix together, mince chopped bacon and white sauce, well seasoned. Fill cucumber shapes with mixture and place in greased casserole with enough stock or milk to cover the bottom. Braise gently in moderate oven, Regulo 4, or 350° F., for about 20–30 minutes.

CREAMED SPINACH WITH MUSHROOMS

Ingredients: Left-over cooked spinach; ¼ pint white sauce; ¼ lb. cooked mushrooms; 2 rashers bacon chopped and fried.

Heat spinach in sauce and beat into a cream. Vary quantity of sauce according to spinach available. Make heaps of spinach on each plate and surround with mushrooms, chopped bacon and triangles of toast.

In the summer little moulds of left-over vegetables set in aspic jelly are excellent served on a bed of crisp lettuce. Left-overs are also good used in curry omelettes or pancakes.

GREEN PEA AND CARROT MOULD

"Now I'm proud of my stairs!"

..... See how the 'Clipper' Stair Carpet Holders show up the full beauty of the carpet. Better than rods, easy to fit, without projections to catch dust or duster, out of the way of passing feet, *never need cleaning.*

The whole carpet can be lifted in a matter of minutes and as quickly replaced.

At all furnishers, ironmongers and stores.

Made only by SMITH and DAVIS Ltd. Birmingham, 19

REG. TRADE MARK.

CLIPPER

STAIR CARPET HOLDERS

He's a Happier baby on Allenburys

Tears at teething-time are not so likely to occur with an Allenburys baby. Allenburys Foods are perfectly balanced to form healthy bones and sound teeth.

Allenburys

FOODS

BABY BOOK. Every mother or mother-to-be should send for Book on Baby Care, enclosing 2½d. in stamps to Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2.

MADE BY ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

F4T

Making A Lampshade

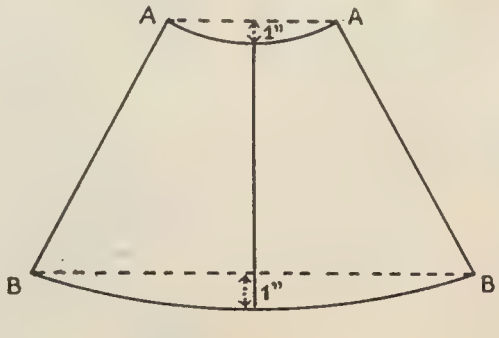
A decorative lampshade brings a touch of glamour to any room in the house. Lampshades of the kind illustrated here are costly to buy, but these can be made at home for no more than the price of a parchment shade. The instructions are simple and can be adapted to suit frames of almost any size or shape

FOR the two styles shown here, materials required besides the wire frame are, ½ yd. pale silk or nylon, 1 yd. of net, 6 yd. white tape, 2 yd. edging and 1 yd. of ribbon.

Begin by making the pattern. Measure the frame and adapt the diagram accordingly. For depth of pattern (AB) add 2 in. to actual depth of frame. For width of pattern (AA and BB), halve measurement round top and round the base of the frame. Place the pattern on the bias of the material and cut twice.

Bind round the frame with white tape so that the silk can be sewn to the wire. The knack of covering is to complete one half of the shade at a time. Start at the top, stretch the silk tightly across the frame, stitch down the sides and sew to the bottom edge, covering each section before starting the next. Turn in the raw edge of the sides and complete the second half.

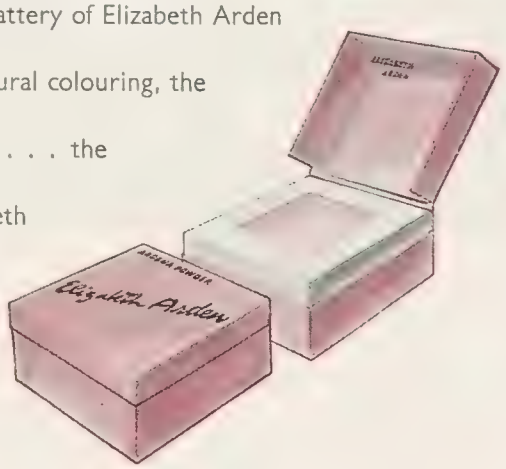
The edges should be trimmed top and bottom and turned back on the right side and overcast. Neaten and decorate the raw edges with ½ in. silk braid round top and sides, or complete lower edge with deep fringe. Sew on ribbon or velvet bows.



The shade can also be glamorized with a cover of net or lace. Cut 1 yd. of net into three pieces each 12 in. deep. Pleat at the top edge and fasten each panel of net to the frame. Stretch the pleated net diagonally and sew to the base of the frame, overlapping the edges of the net panels. Trim with net frilling, cutting strips 1½ in. wide and gathering on the machine.

Gossamer Veil of Loveliness

Elizabeth Arden Face Powders make you prettier because they are subtly coloured and precision blended. Behind their gossamer beauty lie years of formula research, years of " know how " in the skill of wedding delicate colour and perfect texture. Discover for yourself the sheer flattery of Elizabeth Arden powders . . . the beautiful tones that complement your own natural colouring, the fine texture that gives such a delicate bloom, never a coated look . . . the elusive, charming fragrance. Because of its exquisite quality, Elizabeth Arden powder is a true economy—you use so little and it lasts so long.



ARDENA POWDER (*ten shades*) **FLOWER POWDER** (*five shades*)

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W I PARIS

Black Market: Yesterday

A hundred and fifty years ago, many a profitable cargo of lace and brandy slipped past the Customs over those lonely Dagenham marshes. Black, forbidden imports! Now those same marshes are dedicated to a better purpose. For on them stands the great Ford factory — producing cars, trucks and tractors on an unprecedented scale for Britain's export drive. Over these same waters, where once the smugglers' schooner crept in at midnight, the Ford jetty now swings its cranes and a continuous stream of cargo ships ride out, laden with Ford products and bound for Scandinavia, Spain, Turkey, Iceland, Africa, Pacific Islands and the other overseas markets which are eagerly waiting. During the last year, these export cargoes have broken all records.

Ford OF DAGENHAM

CARS · VANS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

FORD ENTERPRISE FOR BRITISH PROSPERITY

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM

The Shadow Of A Dream

(*Continued from page* 12)

"My little Rosemary. How beautiful you have grown. But no tears now. No, no. We are all going to be so happy. No tears. That, one does not do." She patted me on the arm, and then turned to Charles, who was looking about as stark white as anything I've ever seen that wasn't dead.

"So you met on the boat? I hoped you might do so. Margery is in the salon. Come in, come in. We will have our coffee at once."

She swept us gently but firmly into the dear old salon, with its cream-panelled walls, its Fragonard paintings of the dainty delicate women of the eighteenth century in their alluring deshabille, and its beautiful pale green velvet curtains.

"All these things I hid," said Grandmamma, "when I heard the voice of *that* Pétain on the radio, announcing surrender, that terrible day in June. Have no fear, the place has been cleaned and cleaned again. No trace of the Boche remains. Ah, here is Margery. Rosemary, this is Mrs. Kingsford. Margery, my grand-daughter, Miss Meade. She and your husband found each other out on the journey. Now, let us have our coffee at once, before I show you your room, my child."

I looked at "Margery," a neat, competent-looking young woman, with black hair done à la Gibson Girl, and clothes that were just right, I'll admit that. All sorts of thoughts came rushing round and over me, like the roar of a waterfall when one gets too near it and is swept under for a moment, before struggling free. I remember showing my teeth in a sort of smile, even while that old phrase came jigging and dancing and grimacing through my mind. . . . "Oh, but this is an infamy!"

I don't know whether anyone else noticed the tiny pause. I think I must have shown something in my face. I know that Charles, standing there beside his wife, after giving her a peck on the cheek, was looking at me in a way that was at once imploring and commanding. Gosh, men are cowards! At least, his sort of men. My heart and my brain were on fire with the things I wanted to cry aloud at him, then and there, *and* at his little poop-faced wife. And then, as I felt Grandmamma's gentle old arm softly touching my shoulders in a light caress, I remembered another phrase, equally well known to me, and equally entwined with my childhood and girlhood, and all my life. "Oh, but that, one does not do!"

No. One doesn't.

I smiled even more sweetly at "Margery."

"Your husband was so kind to me, and found a car for us, and everything," I said. "We had a frightful crossing. I—I don't think I want any coffee, Grandmamma darling. May I go to my room and rest a little?"

"Assuredly, my child. After such a journey, one understands. Come with me."

I knew, as I followed her to the door, that Charles was still looking at me. I knew, too, what I had to do. There was only one way . . . cut it off short. It's an odd thing, you know, but where there's no respect, there's no *real* love. It sounds funny for a girl like myself to say that; I mean, one who's played around so much, but I'd always had that notion back in my mind, and I knew now that it was true. A man who could behave as Charles had behaved, I mean, such a quick worker as that, must have so much experience that he could have published it in ten volumes, and yet there he stood . . . frightened. *Frightened*, for fear I'd tell his little flat-faced wife. He was "yella." Just plain "yella!" I might have forgiven everything else, if he hadn't stood there like a whipped dog, with his eyes begging me not to give him away.

"Oh," I said, stopping at the door. "I forgot. I'd like to send a telegram. May I?"

"But certainly, my child. To your dear mother, of course, to say you are safely arrived."

"No," I said gently, pulling off my gloves. "This is to my fiancé, Major Cheyne. He'll be anxious to hear I'm all right, after such a wild crossing. I expect mother told you that was in the offing, didn't she, Grandmamma?"

Grandmamma's large dark eyes travelled slowly from my face to Charles's, from his to Margery's, then back again, by way of his, to me. There was much in that slow, quiet look. She was quicker off the mark than anyone else I ever met. Frenchwomen are, when it comes to affairs of the heart. Probably I was looking pretty green . . . at that.

"Yes, yes. Of course she did," said she at length. "I was going to have congratulated you, but I did not know whether it were yet made public. Here are telegraph forms and a pen."

I sat down at the old walnut écritoire, and wrote, almost without a pause to think.

"Major Cheyne. 9 Drinkworth Chambers. London, S.W.1. Yes I will marry you, love,

Rosemary."

I handed it to Grandmamma, knowing she'd seen everything there was to see. You couldn't fool *her*!

"Will that be all right?" I asked.

She read it through, raising a lorgnette from a ribbon at her waist to do so. Then she smiled at me, a smile that sent a warm glow of pride all through me.

"Quite perfect," she said.

Well, that's all over two years ago now, and I'm very, very fond of Dickie. I wouldn't change him for any other man in the world. Oh yes, and our baby is really the most adorable thing. Grandmamma approves of him thoroughly. I needn't say more than that.

END

Uranium

(*Continued from page* 13)

"The ore was open, though much corroded, but easily collected with shovel, more easily with dredgers. Its content was nearly twenty-five per cent higher than had ever been known. Yet here it was—in a district surrounded by virgin jungle, with no roads, no railway, no means of exit to the coast.

"They made preliminary plans; they would refine the ore on the spot. They would build blast-furnaces which would light up the jungle at night. The roar of the lion, the chatter of the monkey would be drowned by the throb of machinery. But, first, they must recruit technicians; they must train them, ship them to the spot, provide for their settlement. And every piece of machinery would have to be purchased overseas and transported into the interior. The ever-mounting obstacles were fantastic. . . .

"One very strange operation had to be achieved, and it had never happened before. Everywhere else civilization had been brought by the railway coming from the coast; but, here, the railway must be built from the interior towards the coast, radiating in as many directions as possible. Until, like a magnet, this area in the very heart of what was the Dark Continent one day would send out its power.

"The natives were not too happy about it. They were desperately poor; they lived in shocking conditions. Because they had never been able to get any other kind of meat they were in the habit of making war on other tribes, taking prisoners, fattening them up, and eating them. Meantime, the tsetse fly with a great impartiality attacked everyone, working its venom into the human bloodstream until nothing remained of the countless victims but pitiable feeble skeletons, soon to be released in death.

"Epidemics flared up. People died in thousands. Only a few poor stragglers managed to escape to the uplands away from the infected forest areas. The tsetse plague attacked (*Continued on page* 52)

Look your Loveliest with

Permalette

MACHINELESS

The Luxury Permanent Wave

There are many imitations

The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON and utility Aertil

but only one AERTEX

NEWMAID Self-generating VACUUM CLEANER

Chosen for R.M.S.'s "Queen Elizabeth" and "Queen Mary" and unequalled for your daily "run round" and weekly "clean". Retailers now have stocks.

£5.2.7d.

plus £1 15s. 11d. Pur. Tax.

BURRAGE & BOYDE, Ltd. Newmaid Works NORTHAMPTON

FROM RETAIL SHOPS ONLY

ONI

Now

SPECIALLY MADE FOR *YOUR* HAIRSHADE

Great News. Your favourite Hairgrips are now in the shops in 4 lovely colours and 3 sizes, specially made for your hairshade or hairstyle.

STANDARD
Choice of Golden Blonde, Silver-Grey, Black or Brown.

EXTRA LONG
Black or Brown.

★ NEW SMALL CURL SIZE
Black or Brown.

Obtainable from all good Stores, made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. Birmingham & London

673

Convenient,

palatable,

effective . . .

'Milk of Magnesia' * Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *(Regd.)*

TABLETS

30 Tablets 1/3—75 Tablets 2/6

* *Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

eighty per cent of the Congo natives before science discovered that, like all other killers, the enemy had its weak points. . . .

"Then came famine. The Belgian authorities made frantic efforts to rush food supplies to the stricken areas . . . but one million natives starved to death. For a while all activity was suspended. And the tall volcanic peaks, which rise nearly ten thousand feet, looked down on this silent pool of tragedy.

"The surviving natives had to be nursed back to health and vigour. Skilled men were scarce; the machine must replace them wherever possible. Life had to be stabilized. And then . . . in 1922 geologists made the most striking discovery of all.

"In the Shinkolobwe mine they found traces of uranium ore. It contained from 0.07 to 1 gramme per cent of radium, an almost unimaginable percentage. Overnight the price of radium tumbled . . . from £24,750 for one gramme to £14,440. The world was witness to a modern miracle, though mankind was slow to understand its vast importance.

"The remains of a prehistoric civilization, long lost in the jungle, known as long ago as eighteen million years, now offered to man the ability not only to cure, not only to drive his machinery, but, by release of atomic energy, which was the next obvious step, to make readily available to mankind perpetual daylight, the control of the winds by raising or lowering the earth's temperature at will. Why, from this jungle-that-was, mankind could now extract a particle of pent-up energy which, treated scientifically, could drive a ship the size of the *Queen Mary* with greater efficiency for six months than 50,000 horse-power, burning 75,000 gallons of fuel oil . . . just one particle of energy. There was now no limit to the forces which were at mankind's command. . . ."

"And so . . . ?" I willingly risked a reprimand.

Uranium

"And so, as our young friend remarked just now, to be on the safe side, America has concluded satisfactorily her negotiations with Belgium. It means that the present price of uranium ore will be increased from £1,000 a ton to about £1,750, perhaps more. In addition the Belgian government will levy a tax of £341 on every ton exported from the Congo to the United States.

"What is of infinite importance is the fact that the bulk of the profits will be returned to Africa to improve still further conditions for the Katanga Bantu and other natives. Plans are far-reaching. They include modern hospitals, modern villages supervised by experts, schools, sports grounds, the importation of thousands of pure-bred cattle for food, a well-directed agricultural industry, thousands of miles of first-class motor roads, the last word in aircraft bases."

"And the natives themselves?" I asked.

"Better off than they have ever been in the long history of Central Africa. There is no room among them for Bolshevism or Communism. Yes—within the last eight months, from Katanga ten thousand tons of uranium ore have been shipped to the United States. *And Washington knows it is cheap at the price.*"

Over his bifocals the professor gave me a searching glance: "With wisdom, perhaps there is now no limit to what mankind might achieve; *he might even learn to control himself.* That would, indeed, make the enhanced price absurdly cheap. . . ."

"And by its misuse?"

"Perhaps a cataclysmic disaster . . . and a return to that state of prehistoric civilization which existed 18,000,000 years ago. The full cycle of the wheel of Time. . . ."

A pinpoint on the map. And the name is Katanga.

END

A Tunnel Under The Channel

(*Continued from page* 16)

Observe that the French were always much keener on the idea than we were. It took the stimulus of the Great Exhibition to wean public opinion from the fear of foreigners that obsessed Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Wellington.

The Tunnel plan of the moment was Hector Horeau's. At the (then) staggering cost of £87 million he proposed a gas-lit tube railway in sections linked up by a chain of lighthouses ("to prevent ships from damaging the tube with their anchors"). With an expansive gesture of peace he suggested that the lighthouses should "bear the names of the different nations of the Earth."

Then we got busy turning out left boots for the Crimean War, and for a year or two quite forgot the Channel Tunnel. But the French never forgot; to allay British fears, they even offered to build a viaduct at their end of the Tunnel which the British Navy could destroy by gunfire in the event of war.

After a spate of ferry, viaduct and stone breakwater schemes, Thome de Gamond submitted his plan, the best yet, to Napoleon III in 1856. It would take two years and cost £10 million. Brunel, Stephenson, Lock and other British engineers were enthusiastic. Thos. Cook & Son thought it "capital." Cobden said it would help Free Trade.

Above all, the Royal Family approved. The Queen was a bad sailor, and wished to visit her villa at Nice more often, but was deterred by the indignity of *mal de mer.* "You may tell the French engineer," she said, "that if he can accomplish it I will give him my blessing in my own name, and in the name of all the ladies of England." The Prince Consort, in an interview, "unfolded all the advantages which his elevated mind foresaw for England in the creation of a road to the Continent."

Military considerations were now paramount. After the Franco-Prussian War, Mr. Gladstone supported the Tunnel as an anti-German measure. With him were John Bright, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Salisbury; against him, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the War Office, led by the Duke of Cambridge.

"It is a great mistake," said Bright, "to suppose that our being surrounded by water has kept us at peace." "The reputation of England," retorted Lord Randolph in a famous quip, "has hitherto depended upon her being, as it were, *virgo intacta.*"

However, agreement was reached with the French Government in 1875. The Rothschilds would back the Tunnel financially. Only the furious rivalry between the London, Chatham and Dover and the South Eastern and Chatham Railways delayed the work. Over 10,000 trial borings revealed that the sea bed was solid chalk all the way and impervious to water-leakage. By 1882 a 300-yard shaft and a one-mile approach cutting had been dug at each end of the Tunnel.

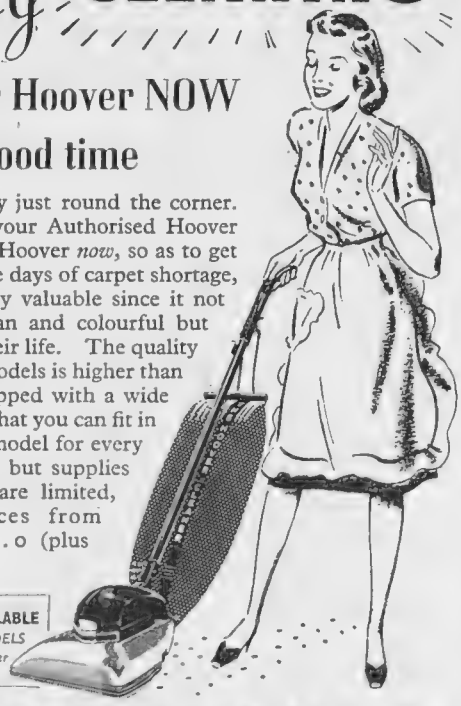
All went well until War Office experts visited Dover in 1882. The *Illustrated London News* covered the story in fine style, with humorous sketches of the officers gingerly sniffing round the workings. It was quite a party, but it killed the Tunnel. In vain did Sir Hiram Maxim scoff that militarily the Tunnel was "little more than a rat-hole." The War Office won hands down, and its views were expressed in Sir Garnet Wolseley's famous Memorandum: "Were a tunnel made, England, as a nation, could be destroyed without any warning whatever by those who wish to invade the country." Fifth-column methods were anticipated by which "disguised persons could arrive at Dover by steamer and seize the forts guarding the Tunnel." Treaties of friendship, Sir Garnet thought, were mere "confidence tricks." The attack would come treacherously "during a time of *profound peace* between the two nations."

But surely (he was asked) the British end was commanded by Dover Castle's heaviest gun batteries? And now emerged the real cause of Sir Garnet's

(*Continued on page* 54)

Spring CLEANING

Order your Hoover NOW —in good time



SPRING CLEANING'S only just round the corner. So don't delay. See your Authorised Hoover Dealer and order your Hoover *now*, so as to get it in good time. In these days of carpet shortage, the Hoover is especially valuable since it not only keeps carpets clean and colourful but also helps to prolong their life. The quality of the latest post-war models is higher than ever and they are equipped with a wide range of cleaning tools that you can fit in a second. There is a model for every size and type of home, but supplies for the home market are limited, so order *now*. Prices from £10.10.0 to £21.0.0 (plus purchase tax).

CLEANING TOOLS NOW AVAILABLE
FOR STANDARD & JUNIOR MODELS
See your Authorised Hoover Dealer

The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS ... *as it Sweeps ... as it Cleans*

HOOVER LIMITED · PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

Refinement, Quality and Charm, the flowers of perfection in Beautiful Womanhood, have ever been achieved by the refining influences of the Perfumer's art.

To gild the Lily of your beauty, the choice of cosmetics is all important.

For a face powder superb in texture and enchanting in bouquet, you can turn with confidence to Potter & Moore—The House of Quality.

Potter & Moore's FACE POWDER

Creators of Powder-Cream, Blush Cream, Lipsticks, Perfumes, Complexion Creams and Talcum Powder

Price 3/9½d. incl. Purch. Tax from Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores

THE NEWEST "Waukeezi"

"JASSY"—a smart tab court dress shoe by WAUKEEZI. Made from grain leather and suede, with covered cuban heel. Elastic gusset and buckle overstrap ensure perfect fit.

If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your Agents.

"Waukeezi" ...YOUR SHOE SYMBOL

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON

HOME ECONOMY HINTS

WELGAR
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED
WHEAT
INSTEAD OF PASTRY

★ Served with stewed fruits, either hot or cold, it economises both in fats and fuel.

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd.
WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

For the Shine of Quality

RONUK

FLOOR POLISH
& FURNITURE CREAM

Ask also for RONUK BOOT POLISH

anxiety. "Yes," he snapped. "But they have no ammunition!"

In 1906, the Tunnel suddenly became a party issue. The *Entente Cordiale* had encouraged fresh Committees of Enquiry. The Labour Party voted for the Tunnel *en bloc*. Asquith and Lloyd George promised to think about it.

Pro-Tunnelites emphasized the weakness of our navy. Anti-Tunnelites wailed about conscription. Mr. Herbert Paul, M.P., feared that its cost would frustrate our hopes of returning to the "shilling income tax." "Do the Labour Party," he cried, "want to exchange old-age pensions for conscription?"

But one day people began to chorus: "Britain is no longer an island!" For M. Blériot had flown the Channel. Who could object to the Tunnel now? By this time the Forces were friendly towards the Tunnel, especially General French and Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Meanwhile the Franco-British Travel Union had taken up the Tunnel very actively. At their 1912 dinner Arthur Conan Doyle declared that owing to the smallness of our navy the Tunnel was "essential to Britain's safety." Lord Sydenham did not see how there could be any military objection "so long as the generating plant were on *our* side of the Channel." Baron Emile d Erlanger, Chairman of the Channel Tunnel Company, ridiculed "sudden invasion with masses of troops. On the contrary, the Tunnel would safeguard our food supply in time of war."

Sir Francis Fox, pooh-poohing Sir Garnet Wolseley's out-of-date fears, calculated that "it would take a fortnight's constant traffic to get an army corps, with all its impedimenta, through the Tunnel; and it would require a stationmaster and a whole battalion of railway officials in order to work the traffic properly." In any case, flooding was the obvious way to block the Tunnel in wartime.

The 1913 congress of the Travel Union found the diners more effervescent than ever. Colonel Alsager Pollock, once a bitter opponent of the Tunnel, now argued passionately in its favour. Not to build the Tunnel was "advising John Bull to commit suicide rather than face a remote danger of being killed."

Sir Albert Rollit quoted Mrs. Malaprop's preference for "terra cotta." The want of a Channel Tunnel was "the misery of millions, the biliousness of billions and the trial of trillions" (*laughter*). The Tunnel was "a great work of peaceful penetration, and one far better than the peaceful penetration of sitting on bayonets" (*hear, hear*). Above all, it was part of the age of speedy communications, such as "Tel-a-graph, Tel-a-phone, and Tell-a-Woman."

Questions were asked in the House. and the Prime Minister received a deputation. Mr. Arthur Fell just had time to complete his learned report on "The Channel Tunnel and Food Supply in Time of War" when the shots rang out at Serajevo.

Eight years later Marshal Foch made Europe gasp by suggesting that the Tunnel could have prevented the World War altogether. A new revolving cutter was tried out at Dover and made a little headway. The Labour Party, being traditionally wedded to

A Tunnel Under The Channel

the project, encouraged it in 1924, and the House of Commons Channel Tunnel Committee was formed from all parties. The Executive included the Duchess of Atholl, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, and Mr. Isaac Foot. Among the 400 M.P.s who supported it were Major Attlee and Sir Patrick Hastings. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald conferred with all the living ex-premiers but finally rejected the scheme owing to pressure from the Committee of Imperial Defence. For this Mr. Winston Churchill, a lifelong pro-Tunnelite, attacked him in the *Weekly Dispatch*.

Only five years later they were at it again. Mr. Garvin started it with a leading article in the *Observer* which was widely quoted in the European Press. The French Ambassador thought it would benefit French imports: "English roses," he said tenderly, "are much taken into France." The Town Council of Dover stated bluntly: "For us to support the Tunnel would be equivalent to cutting our own throats." The phrase "Charing Cross to Bagdad" became a slogan. For once, however, most of the advantages seemed to be on the British side, and in France M. Henri Moreau became first president of the Anti-Tunnel Committee of France.

Mr. Szlumper, of the Southern Railway, said the question now was: "Would the Continentals, with their depreciated exchange, leave as much money in England as the British would take out of it?" Mr. Herbert Morrison, then Minister of Transport, was (most surprisingly) against it "on purely *business* grounds": it would cause unemployment and make our trade balance even worse. He, personally, would rather be seasick. As usual, another Committee was appointed and its favourable report was squashed by Imperial Defence.

As it had been in 1913, so it was in 1939. Again the brink of war found people talking about the Channel Tunnel. Again the first move came from France. M. Boucher, deputy for the Vosges Department, put his £22-million five-year plan before the Foreign Affairs Committee. He wanted a ten-foot pilot tunnel to prepare the way for two full-sized railway tunnels. The French end would be "amply protected by the Maginot Line." A year later M. Monzie, French Minister of Public Works, was waving a desperate hand to the British Government: "After the war we really must do something about that Tunnel." Mr. Neville Chamberlain replied coldly: "The British Government is not yet ready to take a decision about the matter."

And now French and British M.Ps. are again conferring. The present British Committee, under Commander Christopher Shawcross, Labour M.P. for Widnes, seem to be following M. Boucher's plan, except that they want a fifteen-foot road as well as two railway tunnels. The pilot tunnel would cost £5 million and take five years to build.

Diehards point to the Dunkirk evacuation and Hitler's abandonment of Operation Sealion. But we fancy that the post-Hiroshima outlook will come back to the oldest and best argument—"Anything is better than seasickness."

END

King's Jester (*Continued from page* 15)

penny-pincher whose wife thinks him a dope. It's an astute and enduring character build-up. For some reason people have always found a skinflint humorous. There's a whole library of mean-man jokes—the Scots have appropriated a large part of it. And Benny knows that the public love to see the top man being discomfited, humiliated, embarrassed, caught out, and publicly shown up. A star can get a laugh by causing a stooge to slip on a banana skin and crack his silly skull—but he won't be loved, and the joke won't bear repetition. On the other hand, if the star himself slips, he'll get both love and laughs, and he can keep on doing it—the crowd like to humble the great and are always grateful for being allowed to do it.

Scientists investigating the psychology of laughter seem agreed on the essential ingredients of a joke. A man must be caught at a disadvantage, and entangled in some of the contradictions of life. The basic pattern of all jokes conforms to that formula. The professionals will tell you that there are really no new jokes—only the old ones decked out with a new look. The jesters fear new jokes. They don't gamble. They must be sure. Fortunately, the variations that can be played on certain situations proved to be basically funny—there is only one proof: the people laughed—are infinite.

Three thousand (*Continued on page* 56)

downsweep *for day*

uplift *for evening*

Once upon a time there was a girl who wailed, "I can't do anything with my hair." So her friends took her to a Registered Eugene Waver. Now she wears her hair loosely curling one day, swept regally up the next. What's more, she can brush her sets to keep her hair glossy and healthy, for Eugene waves are "permanently hers." Ask any Registered Eugene Waver about *your* next wave; he (or she) will give you good advice and show enthusiasm for your ideas.

Eugène

Genuine Eugene Sachets for your wave are sealed in a hygienic Individual Pack. Ask to see it — and read the message inside addressed to you.

first step to every lovely hair style

2.0

PARIS · 17 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1 · NEW YORK

The NEW Look

...never fades from Parozoned Linens, for – simply and effectively – Parozone maintains their pristine freshness and spotless beauty throughout the longer life which present-day economy demands.

And, don't forget, in using Parozone to maintain the shining brightness of your home – in "making-do" with what you have – you are helping the fight for National economy.

PAROZONE

DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW; and at LONDON and NOTTINGHAM

No tossing and turning . . no restless gestures . . no mumbled attempts at speech. Baby sleeps deeply and peacefully because his tummy's peaceful too. Thanks to 'Milk of Magnesia'* and a sensible Mummy!

'Milk of Magnesia'

Regd. Trade Mark.

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO. LTD.

Gay Red!

"PLEASES THAT LAD IN MY LIFE!"...says Mrs. ALAN LADD . . . *delightful wife of the dashing screen star*

Hollywood's most glamorous beauties are changing to Tangee's newest lipstick shade—GAY RED. Its flattering warmth of tone brings a glow to the lips which is irresistible. Follow the stars and wear this new Tangee colour hit . . . GAY RED!

Gay Red!
NEWEST
COLOUR HIT BY Tangee

also • Medium Red • Theatrical Red • Natural

DUFRAIS
Special
VINEGARS

Tarragon
Garlic
Chili

Elder
Spiced
Eschalot
etc.

Made from Natural Herbs
Matured in Genuine Malt Vinegar
AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE
DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.
87, South Lambeth, Rd.
London, S.W.8

years ago Greek soldiers toasted friendships with the line: "And may thy mother-in-law burst!" That sentiment relative to mothers-in-law is still reliable raw material for laughs. Roosevelt had a favourite story that may go back to the Neanderthal man. A hillbilly hung around a girl until her father demanded whether his intentions were honourable or dishonourable. Gasped the hillbilly: "You mean I got a choice?"

"That wasn't a lady—that was my wife," may pre-date Aristophanes. The mechanics of the quip have been applied to suit a thousand topical subjects. In the last great depression a vaudeville comic twisted it this way: "Who was the lady I saw you with at that pavement café?" "That wasn't a pavement café—that was our furniture."

Shakespeare and Molière wrote into their plays laughs which they probably lifted from predecessors, and which in their turn, Congreve and Wycherley borrowed, the contemporary jest merchants looting from them and from such rich mines as Hupfeld's *Wit and Wisdom*, a collection of nine thousand anecdotes and one hundred classifications published in 1871, Valentine's *Comic Metamorphoses, Joe Miller's Jests*, a collection got out by an eighteenth century literary hack named Mottley, in 1739 a year after Joe Miller, a famous comic of Drury Lane, had shuffled off this mortal coil and couldn't protest, and a hundred more.

Molière wrote a scene into a play in which

King's Jester

a man hunting for a certain street asks passers-by for directions. The passers-by abuse him, push him, knock off his hat, kick him in the pants; and he can't understand why. The joke is that all the time he has been standing under the street sign, and the people he accosts think he's trying to fool them. It's the basic theme of the man who gets into trouble innocently. Chaplin played himself into world fame and millionairedom on it. Molière may have invented it, but more probably it derives from some simple sense of humour developed at the stage when our ancestors swung from tree branches by their tails.

Insults are equally successful with both drawing-room and tap-room audiences, so they must appeal to something very deep in human nature. Top-flight jesters generate headaches trying to find fresh ways to receive old insults given a new twist. The "smart" line is very popular now. Things like this. Husband: "Well, I'll be a ring-tailed monkey!" Wife: "Huh, always trying to better yourself!" Or this. Husband: "How many ribs has a skunk?" Wife: "Take off your shirt, and I'll count."

Once you get started you can go on like this for hours.

If you want to.

END

The Georgian Tantalus

(*Continued from page* 19)

Belminster, could certainly be verified; but I did not allow for the fact that Blanding was nearly seventy miles from Wensborough and that it was then half-past seven on Friday evening. I was indeed foolish enough to expect that a telephone call or two would be followed by an apology and that I should be able to return within an hour to my delayed dinner at the "White Hart."

I was to be sadly disillusioned. Actually I was kept in custody at Wensborough police station until the following Tuesday evening, when police inquiries plus the efforts of my own solicitor set me free and I was able to strike a balance of profit and loss on the affair. It was soon done for it was all loss, unless one may reckon an increase in knowledge as profit. I had lost seventy-five pounds I could just then ill afford. I had lost the Tantalus. And I had lost four days of life, for days passed in a police cell are, I assure you, lost days. I had gained the knowledge that I was a bigger fool than I thought I was and the information that my twenty-five five-pound notes were part of the proceeds of a burglary at a large business house in Manchester six months earlier. If I had any expectation of an apology from the police, with a trifle of compensation for my lost days, it died when my own solicitor told me I might consider myself an extremely lucky man to be free so soon: "to be free at all" his tone implied.

TWO years went by. They were two very pleasant and profitable years for me. I play cards for a living and it is a very comfortable living. But once (the year of the Tantalus incident) in the past decade has it fallen below a thousand a year and the average has been three; while in both the years following my brief and so far only acquaintance with a police cell I had topped five thousand. No, I am not a sharper. I have never cheated at cards in my life, not even as a boy at school. Yet I do not play fairly. That is to say I take an unfair advantage of my opponent or opponents. I have given to card playing the time and devotion which other men give to their careers, for it is my career. And I do not touch intoxicants. The men I play with have neither my skill nor my abstinent habit. The contest is ludicrously unfair. It is matching lamb and wolf. And so, as I say, I make a very comfortable living.

I was taking a short holiday in Paris. I go to Paris for all my holidays. When the claims for the other lovely places of the earth as holiday resorts have been put forward and accepted there is always something missing: it is that something which Paris alone has. No one knows what it is, but it is the lodestone which has drawn the world to Paris for centuries and will do so as long as Paris lasts.

I had looked in at a supper dance at the small and exclusive *Le Sporting* which used to open its chequer-board door nightly at eleven in the rue du Poteau and not close it till the early workers were jamming the Metro.

I sat at a small table sipping a sirop and watching the dancers. A couple took my attention by the quiet grace of their movements which contrasted with the abandon about them. I noticed the woman first. She was young, no more than in the middle twenties, and I thought her beautiful. And then, as the man turned his body, I saw his face and for an instant was puzzled by his resemblance to someone my memory failed to identify. And then I knew: it was the owner of the Bentley. He looked younger and slimmer and this had momentarily checked my memory. His hair was much darker but I guessed it dyed and his comparative slimness was explained by the difference between evening clothes and a heavy overcoat. Yet I could not at even so short a distance be certain. But I was able to count on certainty. I suppose my profession has taught me to observe people closely. And to this keen observation of persons is doubtless due my almost complete lack of observation of things. During the few minutes I had stood talking in the lane to the owner of the Bentley I had noticed at the top of the rim of each of his ears a tiny hole. It was the size of a pin-hole and only once before had I met anyone with such a peculiarity and he was a boy at school with me. It was, I judged, almost equal to a fingerprint for the purpose of identification.

I got up from my table and strolled over to the couple. That is scarcely a true description of my movements or of the scene. In truth I picked my way through a forest of legs. No one bothered about jostling or staring and I was quickly able to assure myself that I had found the man who had possessed himself of my Tantalus. I saw, now that I was close to him, that his hair was dyed and his face made up. Propinquity thrust a dozen years upon him.

I bumped into him rather vigorously and he looked at me and I said, "Happy meeting!" He smiled (*Continued on page* 58)

From the Chilprufe Album

This is SUSAN

Susan has a grown-up sister who last term brought home some " botany specimens ". So Susan ever helpful may now be seen dredging the stream in the big meadow for fresh exhibits. Farmer frequently remarks that it's a wonder she " doesn't catch her death ", but Susan is hardy and has worn Chilprufe from birth.

Chilprufe

Regd

for CHILDREN

Also CHILPRUFE Dresses, Rompers, Cardigans, Buster Suits for toddlers, Shoes for Babies, Pram Toys and Man-Tailored Coats for Children.

Supplied only through Chilprufe Agents.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
LEICESTER

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

CH 71

Innoxa *beauty preparations*

for the loveliness that lasts a lifetime

Preserve your skin's natural loveliness with Innoxa beauty preparations, created by a world-famous dermatologist. Ideal for special occasions is the glorious new facial tonic, White Mask. It goes on like a cream; it acts instantly, and is sensationally exhilarating. It contains sunshine vitamin D. INNOXA · BOND STREET · LONDON

The favourite for tea-time

CHIVERS JAMS

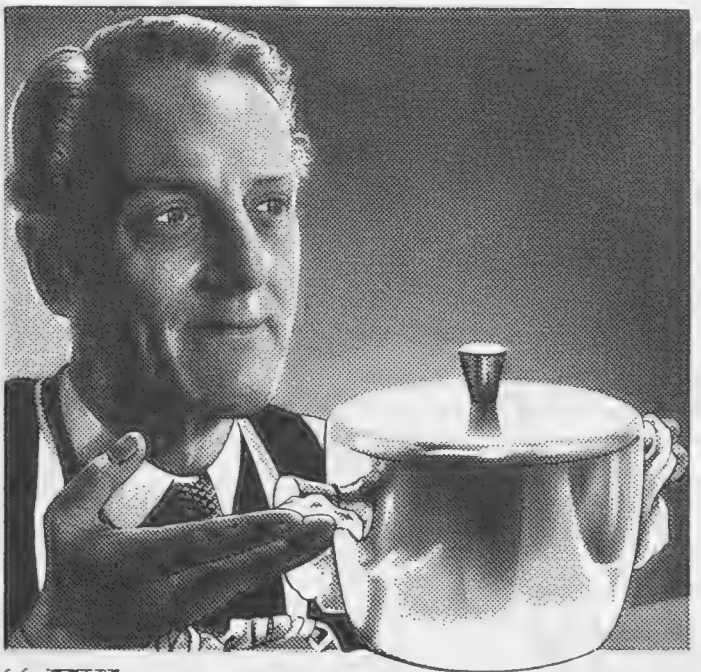
are on sale everywhere

★ ★ ★

For a change we recommend Chivers Plum Jam.
Plenty of fruit—Lovely flavour.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

GD102



"Who says I can't cook?

And this Daleware casserole looks lovely on the table, too."

Unbreakable: can be put over flame: Round or square, 7" 20/-, 8" 24/4d.

Daleware ★

Finest heavy quality aluminium kitchenware. From the best shops.

D.51

Visit our new Showroom at 105 Baker Street, London, W.1

Send for Cookery Book, 1/3 post free.

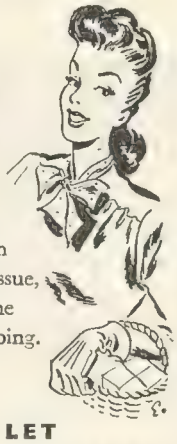
Thomas Minton, 1793

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD.
STOKE-UPON-TRENT
EST. 1793

'Toilet tissue is a thing I always ask for by name'



Probably nobody is quicker to recognise good quality than the housewife. That's why, when it's a question of buying toilet tissue, so many insist on Velvex, the fine quality paper in the smart wrapping. In packets or rolls.

VELVEX TOILET TISSUE

VELVET CREPE PAPER COMPANY LIMITED

SENSITIVE SKIN needs

Every wash with Cuticura is a tonic beauty treatment. The medicated lather cleans, refreshes and beautifies.

Cuticura

THE MILDLY MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

284

amiably and said, "*Monsieur se meprend; une erreur de personne, sans doute.*" But I was not to be put off. "Let's sit down and talk English," I said; "or shall I call the police?"

The young woman glanced at him and then at me. He shrugged his shoulders and led the way to a table in a curtained alcove and we sat down. He seemed completely at ease, ordered drinks, and made a faint humorous grimace when I said I would drink grenadine. I think that for a moment he still hoped to carry it off for he said, "And now, sir, your pleasure."

"Have you sold the Tantalus yet?" I said; and at this he abandoned all pretence and gave me a shameless grin. "Ah, yes, Mr. Richard Segrave. Allow me: my daughter Susan. Her other name you will not know."

"I have a better memory than you credit me with, Mr. Stringer," I said.

He smiled. "O that!" he said; "it happened to be the first one out. I have them in great variety. As I do car number plates."

"It was not your Bentley?" I said.

"It was borrowed. The owner was away from home. It was returned a few days later. An invariable habit of mine."

"Not the only invariable habit, I believe."

"There, I am afraid, you have me. Two years is a long time in my profession and I am not so young as—er—I appear, shall we say? But tell me the allusion."

"I was referring to your habit of carrying considerable sums in notes."

"A good habit."

"I should have said stolen notes."

"Still a good habit."

"And were you," I said, "the thief or merely the fence?"

"O, come now!" he smiled, "thief and fence. Why these ugly words? I operated in Manchester and for my skill obtained a fee of ten thousand pounds. How much pleasanter, more civilized, to put it that way."

The beauty of the young woman with him was distracting my attention and dissolving my anger. I could not restrain a smile, and the hardness went out of my voice. "But tell me," I said, "why did you bother with such small fry as myself?"

"There was the Tantalus," he chuckled. "My wife had fallen in love with it. That was quite true. Also the only way I could get rid of the notes still in my possession was by—er—private treaty, shall I say."

"You landed me in a pretty mess," I said.

"A thousand pardons. I will make amends."

The Georgian Tantalus

"You will return the Tantalus?"

"Alas, no. It now belongs to an estimable gentleman (as I am sure he is) in Baird, Texas. He paid two thousand dollars for it."

"I thought your wife was in love with it."

He smiled and made a little gesture with his hands. "But more with me."

"I congratulate you on a happy marriage."

"You shall have half: how is that?"

"Half?" I said; "I'm afraid——"

He broke into a laugh. "Of the dollars. Will that make amends?"

"I ought to give you in charge."

"Are you your brother's keeper? Then it is a bargain?"

"No," I said. "The money is nothing. I am, as I foreshadowed at the time of the incident, if you remember, no longer financially embarrassed. Quite the contrary. The Tantalus is, you tell me, no longer in your gift. The only other thing I lost you cannot replace."

"And that?"

"Four days," I said; "four days lost; the days I spent in a police cell while they were investigating my antecedents."

"I must congratulate you on their being above suspicion. So unlike mine. But those four days. Perhaps I can make amends. Will you allow me the great pleasure of being your host for four days? Or shall we say a week. I have a pretty little place at Fontainebleau and my wife will be delighted to renew your acquaintance."

I accepted the invitation eagerly.

SIX months later I married Susan. A crook's daughter? Why not? I am a crook's son. My father kept an antique shop in Isbister Street, Mayfair. Behind the shop was his workshop where he made antiques. He was one of the cleverest craftsmen in Europe. He prospered exceedingly and was able to send me to a public school and Cambridge: a considerable asset in my profession.

Susan's father was a genuine collector and, in his way, something of a connoisseur, with a real love of antiques. For a wedding present he gave us a Sheraton sofa for which he paid handsomely and which it one day occurred to me to examine closely. I found on it my father's secret mark: a tiny scratched monogram. And as I looked at it through my lens I swear I heard my father's throaty laugh and had a swift vision of him wriggling joyously in his grave.

END

Holidays Abroad (*Continued from page* 20)

the "French Without Tears" theme. It would have topical possibilities.

Oh!—and there's a third category that scarcely stands in need of my wisdom and which—without the slightest denigration or, for that matter, geographical localization—I see as "The Belgian Coasters." People who contract ahead for everything—£19 6s. 2d. for two weeks, dark hotel staff looks *compris*—and anything that is over, to go on ice-cream, beer, English exports, camera refills, blister unctions and bananas.

By this time you will have grasped that I am not concerned with the ready-made holiday, not believing that the maximum can be squeezed from £35 in that way. A little elasticity, alfresconess, unexpectedness, is indicated; and now it is time for me to come clean. Yes, I have the Riviera in mind. Most of my tips could apply anywhere—in Switzerland as in Holland. All the better. Yet I believe weather to be the commanding influence of any brief, squeeze holiday abroad this angry, anxious summer, and on the Riviera you are certain of sun-sea-laze—and if that isn't good for you, what is?

AS to how to get there, motoring seems mostly ruled out unless a drop of juice be vouchsafed to get cars to the coast. Not many owners can afford to have them British Railwayborne. Incidentally this uses coal. But it is all haywire. Withholding of petrol to the coast is lauded as a means of "bringing foreign travel within the reach of many income groups and not simply of the rich." Yet more coal is used hauling Pullman cars to the ports! And people really do look rich in Pullman cars, whereas the idea that motorists must of necessity be so, denotes either nuttiness or class thinking at its worst.

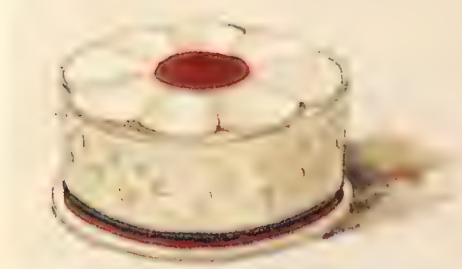
But let us suppose a car is tugged by Boy Scouts to the coast, and that it is swung ashore, in France. There is the immediate necessity of filling up, and again, and again, to span 700 miles. How to get the gas without too deep an incision in our purse-bag? Well, too much is given away by journalists, to be seized upon by triple-eyed bureaucracy for the further fettering of the public, so all I'll say is that service stations *bien français* are very willing to receive gadgets.

But don't forget that there will be a return 700 miles to cope with.

Having squeezed the motorist on his way (and a foursome pooling £140 is the best bet) now comes the train-goer, and my advice to her and him is to go straight through to destination. £35 brooks small dallying. Above all, stick to the *Ceinture* or Belt railway round Paris (also called the *Ceinture de Chastete* for its excision of Parisian dallying). Only the strongest wills should face Paris for a day, especially if women are of the party. Devaluation is a mirage and a tenner (nearly a third of your holiday money) evaporates in a capital where Americans are in excelsis on 350 francs to the (*Continued on page* 61)

Is it a passing vision?

How do you see yourself? Do you realise that even Yardley beauty-things can't make you a 'vision' unless you use them properly? Choose the right shade of Yardley Make-up Base for your skin. Apply it sparingly and evenly; then neither powder nor rouge will go on patchily. Powder over your first application of Yardley lipstick; then retouch and it won't come off when it shouldn't. And remember, an excellent tonic for your skin is expert treatment in the Yardley Salon at *33 Old Bond Street London W1*



YARDLEY

DOLCIS FOR EXCLUSIVE FASHION SHOES

dollar. A pity, because Paris is still scrumptious and the French still like us best; yet I thought you were heading for the sun?

I interpolate two pieces of advice: travel light, and stagger your holiday.

In regard to staggering, remember that the balloon goes up all over France on July 1, when the long school holiday starts and holiday grounds are transformed overnight. Aside from which, July and August are too stuffy in the south, and the sea stagnant and tepid.

Another point. By "the Riviera," I mean the nearest Mediterranean. Now that the Spanish frontier is open, the adventuresome could forge ahead to the Costa Brava (north of Barcelona) and sun-sea-laze briefly at sixty-six pesetas to the pound. Or a better financial bet would be to push eastwards to the Italian Riviera. Each is possible provided you carry "extras." What is not possible on £35 is to keep moving around. Choose your spot and navigate in a close circumference.

One type will not mind staying put. I called them "the elderly and anchored" and I hope they won't mind. The sun costing nothing, they will stay (along with many who are younger) as long as there's something left of the £35 to pay for food and lodging in little hotels preparing to provide an all-in rate of 1,000 francs or 23s. a day. But an hotelier warns that there'll be no afternoon tea, and only simple meals, of which he cites an example: Vegetable soup or pie; omelet (real eggs) or smallish steak with fried potatoes and another vegetable; cheese; creamed vanilla; quarter litre wine.

There will be "extras from home," however, on the tables in the restaurant, while teas and snacks will be taken in the bedrooms. We come to the crucial matter.

This holiday abroad has got to be more than ever one in which you are the part self-providing tourist. No one objects to this abroad; on the contrary it helps, and they quite understand. As for H.M.'s Excise, they allow you to take 15 lb. of foodstuffs abroad, and

Holidays Abroad

I've never witnessed the slightest difficulty once the Customs officers satisfy themselves that what you've got (mayhap slightly more than 15 lb. in weight!) is not going to be sold. They have an eye for these things. There are one or two restrictions—such as 2 lb. only, of each commodity, but the main thing is foresight in packing.

For the Mediterranean—no hesitation about what to concentrate upon. Tinned milk, sugar, butter, margarine, cooking-fat, dried eggs, tea, coffee, chocolate, canned meats and fish, jam, sauce, soap. These are the things of which the French have least, and which you cannot afford to acquire locally. Previous possession of them may extend a holiday by a whole week. Especially if you descend to indulging in a little fiddling. All the best people fiddle nowadays and I shouldn't care if they didn't. *You* have something which you do not prize as highly as does Monsieur X. Monsieur X is *enchanté* to trade wine for soap or coffee beans. O.K., the thing is done!

Farmers and peasants like English commodities too (including stuff for cleaning the house) and who knows but they may have farm produce handy? But now I am roaming near the real black market, and that's not necessary, for, after all, you *will* have *some* money to spend. All the same, just to show that you will not be the only ones with something to fiddle, look at what the part self-providing Americans take along:

Fruit juices and canned fruit, cigarettes, cigars, candy, cosmetics, whisky, cereals and specialized foods, tinned meats and fish, tinned preserves of all kinds, butter and fats, soap, biscuits, bacon.

Think how useful could be a hunk of bacon there! Why, an American late comer might even get a room with hot and cold running chambermaids.

END

Making Bread And Scones (*Continued from page 47*)

form into stiff dough with well-beaten egg and a little water if needed. Roll out a good ½-in. thick, cut in rounds about 2½ in. across. Cut out a smaller round to leave a hole in the middle. Fry in as deep fat as you can spare till golden brown (about 5 minutes each side). Dredge with castor sugar and serve hot.

SODA BREAD

Ingredients: ½ lb. white flour; ½ lb. wholemeal flour; teaspoonful sugar; saltspoonful of salt; desertspoonful baking powder; ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; milk and water.

Sift dry ingredients together. Work in enough milk and water to form a soft dough. Shape into a round loaf with well-floured hands as the flour makes a nice outside. Bake in good oven on baking-tin, commencing Regulo 7, or 450° F., for 40 minutes. Lower oven a little half-way. With the addition of 1 oz. fat and 1 egg this makes good, brown scones.

END

The Cottage Hunters (*Continued from page 25*)

will win, with aid of the Rent Restrictions Act. The rural landlord draws only controlled rent, that of 1914, plus 40 per cent, plus 18 per cent of the value of any improvements such as bathrooms. A cottage bought for £200, with £100 spent on modernization in 1936, let at six shillings a week, is not an investment except for the owner-occupier. If it can be sold for £1,500, even invested at 2½ per cent the money will bring in more than double the return, with no repairs, to-day even a new sash-cord makes a hole in a week's rent, re-thatching costs more than a year's income. Another source of cottages is the speculator, who buys tenanted property at auctions, a cottage with a tenant of ninety-four will fetch £800, the same cottage with one of forty, merely £350, the speculator gambles on death to double his money, and you will find him greediest of all.

You cannot fairly accuse even the speculator of greed, for you are bribing him not to let his cottage to the man who needs it most, who could well afford to pay the controlled rent, but not to buy at the fantastic figure to which your competition has forced the house he needs.

The realist viewpoint is, "If we don't take the cottage someone else will, someone who won't even keep chickens, and anyway the Government *say* they are building houses, they must look after the farm worker, we must look after ourselves." There is much to be said for this reasoning, but what is the man to do, who has served England all his life in the Empire, and now though he wants to retire with his wife into the peace of the countryside, is sufficiently old-fashioned not to be cynical and "realist," how can he get a cottage without harming his country in any way?

Either he can secure one of the larger properties, with five bedrooms up, relatively cheaper than the cottage between £1,000 and £2,000 for which the struggle is bitter, and advertise for one or two like-minded couples to share the accommodation and the work and expense of running it, or he can wait. As the farm workers' houses go up in quantity, some of the most isolated and primitive of the old tied and other cottages will come on the market at some reasonable price. Then perhaps building licences will become easier, and it will be possible to convert them. Even to-day in some districts, where there is little essential building work on hand, it is possible to get permission to make a house where no-one can live into a home of your own, provided much of the work will be done with your own hands. The Town Surveyor is the man to see, and whatever the difficulties you will find that the dreams you work for are better than those you snatch from others, particularly dream cottages down in the country.

END

Back again

ON BEAUTY'S DUTY
MICHEL IS HERE AGAIN!
Glamorous lipstick famed in every clime . . . the New World's gift to British beauty in 10 glorious, glowing, exclusive shades.

Michel
COSMETICS OF CHARM

Face Powder, Rouge and Eye Cosmetique by MICHEL are here as well!
Prices from 4/1½ to 8/3.

This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have renamed it — Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine & Spirit Merchants to H.M. the King

They *look* fine

They *feel* fine

—MUMMY GIVES THEM

Lixen

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE

in bottles - 2/5½, 4/4

LIXEN LOZENGES

for the children, Fruit flavoured in bottles 2/2

From Chemists only

It's an Allenburys Product

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

1.62s

St Martin

'CHUNKY'

Regd. Trade Mark

MARMALADE

with all its delicious flavour and pre-war quality

IS NOW OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS GROCERS & STORES

St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd.

Maidenhead, Newcastle, Ely, Horsted Keynes

Corsham Court

(*Continued from page 29*)

Bradford-on-Avon, who finally purchased the Manor lands in 1777.

Mr. Methuen made many changes in the property, and engaged "Capability" Brown to supervise them. The most important of these which are still in existence are contained in the east wing, the newer work being carefully planned to match the older West wing, from which it is divided by a wide gravel sweep. In the east wing are the state apartments and the magnificent picture gallery, which contains four long mirrors and marble-topped tables, designed by Robert Adam. The library, which is in the west wing, was designed by Nash in 1800.

In 1795, Mr. Methuen was succeeded by his son, Paul Cobb Methuen, whose portrait, "The Blue Man," by Gainsborough, hangs in the dining-room at Corsham : this room, which contains other family portraits by Gainsborough, Reynolds and Romney, is situated in the central block of the building, and is now used as a dining-room by the art students; the breakfast-room, which was formerly the library, is used as a dining-room by Lord and Lady Methuen; this room contains an interesting armorial ceiling, representing the Methuen and Cobb family trees; the cornice consists of a number of small heads, which were modelled by Stocking of Bristol.

Paul Cobb Methuen's son was raised to the peerage in 1838, and the present Lord Methuen is his great-grandson.

The Methuen art treasures came chiefly from two great collections : those of Sir Paul Methuen, and the Reverend John Sanford and his wife. Sir Paul was godfather and cousin to the first Methuen owner of Corsham; he was one of Queen Anne's ambassadors, and his father, Mr. John Methuen, was the originator of the famous "port wine treaty." When resident in Portugal, he lived in splendid style, and the elaborate trappings for his mule teams, which were embroidered for him by the ladies of the country, are now used as curtains for the tall windows of the library.

DURING the last war, Corsham Court was used, first as a school, and afterwards as a military hospital; and it became obvious that, once the hospital was no longer needed, it would be impossible for the family to maintain the whole of the huge building as a private establishment; so Lord Methuen entered into negotiations with the Bath education authorities, and the result of those negotiations is the present happy arrangement, which is to everyone's advantage.

By this arrangement, the family, which has inherited the house and lands, and added to the art collection over a period of nearly two hundred years, is still able to administer the estate and enjoy the beauties of the house and grounds; the general public can see a fine collection of pictures, furniture and china in a perfect setting, and Bath Academy of Art is sited in ideal surroundings.

Many of the rooms in the house have been adapted as studios for painting or modelling, and the sixteenth-century stables and riding school are now a Printing House and Sculpture School.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 42*)

figure after she has a baby, or after she has had an abdominal operation. They will flatten the stomach, tone up the muscles, whittle down the waist-line, strengthen the back and keep the spine and pelvis supple. A number of exercises can be done in bed first thing in the morning, and here they are :

1. Lie flat on your back with your knees bent up. Pull your tummy muscles in towards your spine, then blow out your tummy. This is difficult to begin with and is really tummy breathing. Place the palms of your hands on your tummy and feel it blowing out and contracting. Do this twenty-four times.
2. Lie flat on your back with your legs stretched full out and your hands on your hips. Slowly raise the body to a sitting position and slowly lower again. Repeat six times.
3. Still lying flat on your back, legs stretched out, bend one knee up and, gripping the knee, press the thigh as hard as you can against your tummy. Let go, raise the foot as high as possible towards the ceiling and lower slowly towards the bed. Repeat the same exercise with the other leg. Do this twenty-two times.
4. Still flat on your back with legs stretched out, raise the head and shoulders to a sitting position, stretch the arms to the sides then, turning slowly, touch your left ankle with the finger tips of your right hand. Do this twenty-four times.
5. Lying flat on your back, pull both knees up towards your chest as far as possible, then, keeping the shoulders flat on the bed, hang on to the sides of the bed with your hands, swing the knees over first to the right and then to the left. Do this twelve times each side.
6. Kneel down with the hands on the floor, arch the back and, at the same time, pull in the tummy as far as possible. Then bend the back down so that you feel your tummy will hit the floor. Repeat this twenty-four times.

END

You Are Younger Than You Think

(*Continued from page 45*)

something that you enjoy helps tremendously. Try to get away from the house. Escape from household responsibilities whenever you can.

It is possible by a healthy mode of living to postpone the physical decline by about ten years. A woman of forty-five, for instance, who is not a heavy smoker, who does not drink too much tea or coffee, and who has a well balanced diet and plenty of fresh air, could put up as good a game of tennis as one twenty years her junior. But such a woman would need to have disciplined her life where health and fitness were concerned.

Body massage is a grand way of keeping young. It soothes and relaxes taut nerves and muscles, as well as keeping the limbs supple. Many women who can afford this treatment have it once or twice weekly and look much younger as a result.

END

Styled To Suit Your Features

(*Continued from page 44*)

of course, want to have a thick straight fringe. Then it is even more necessary that an expert should wield the scissors.

If you decide upon a change in hair-do, it is wise to put yourself in the hands of a clever hair-stylist. He will try out several ways, taking into account how often you can visit him, your mode of life and how good you are at looking after it between visits.

Having got your new hair-style, treat it as carefully as you would an expensive new hat. Ask the hairdresser to explain to you as he sets it, the best way to pin it up at nights to last until your next visit. If you live in the country and can visit him only occasionally, ask him to give you a lesson in setting as he goes along. Most hairdressers like their clients to take an interest, and are very ready to co-operate in making the best of their own work.

END

Styled for Spring by Leodian

Tailored style for 1948, cut with distinction in an extensive range of materials. Choose it in Macclesfield Pure Silk or spun rayon; or choose from thirty more styles in the lovely new nylon stripes, rayons, moss crepes, pure silks and prints.

A postcard will bring patterns of these delightful materials together with the Leodian catalogue of styles in which they can be made to measure.

Perfect fitting is guaranteed.

MODELS TO MEASURE IN RAYON from **99/6**

Write today for Catalogue and Patterns, mentioning coats and suits if required

LEODIAN LIMITED

(BE.2), UNION HOUSE, LEEDS, 2

★FOR THAT S-M-O-O-T-H *Young* LOOK!

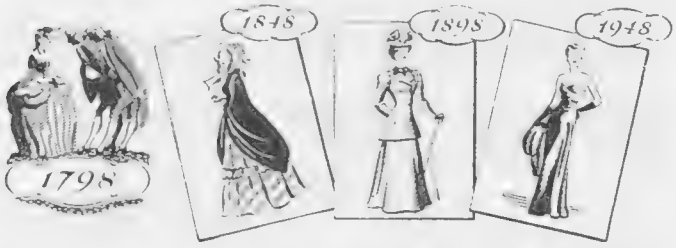
ELLEN DREW
Starring in Columbia's "THE SWORDSMAN"

PAN-CAKE BRAND MAKE-UP

Complete Your Make-up in Colour Harmony with *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, Rouge & Lipstick

Max Factor HOLLYWOOD

MAX FACTOR 'Cosmetics of the Stars' are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser & Store



THIRD JUBILEE — *Celebrating 150 years of service*

Clarks of Retford

CLEANING · DYEING · LAUNDERING

This is the shape and size of Weston's Cream Crackers

but you cannot visualise their smooth flavour, flaky lightness and seductive crackle. Supplies are sent everywhere, though at present in limited quantities.

Weston's BISCUITS

ah! BISTO

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

JACOB'S

Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD
BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

It's only natural . . .

. . . for the little 'mother' to take great care over those first steps. She'll play happily by the hour. But should some minor upset put her out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice!

'California Syrup of Figs'

Lace Wool Cami-Knicks

(*Continued from page* 36)

BACK

Cast on 30 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonholes. Rib 5 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 4 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 4 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 5 sts.

Next row.—Rib back, casting on the sts. cast off in last row. Rib for 2¾ ins. Now continue as for the front.

EDGINGS

With No. 12 needles cast on 6 sts. **1st row.**—K. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1 (7 sts.). **2nd row.**—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 (8 sts.). **3rd row.**—Cast off 3 sts., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1 (5 sts.). **4th row.**—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1 (6 sts.).

These 4 rows form patt. for edgings. Work two strips to go round the lower end of each leg. Work one strip to go all round the top.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams. Sew edgings to lower edges of both legs. Sew edge all round top. Press all seams and edges. Thread ribbon through holes at waist. Sew on shoulder straps. Sew on buttons at lower edge ribbing.

END

Primrose Pullover

(*Continued from page* 36)

1st row.—K. in green. **2nd row.**—P. in green. **3rd row.**—K. in primrose. **4th row.**—1 o., * 11 p., 1 o; repeat from * to end.

5th row.—2 o., * 9 p., 2 o; rep. from * ending 9 p., 2 o.

6th row.—1 o., * (3 p., 1 g.) twice, 3 p., 1 o., 3 p. (1 g., 3 p.) twice, 1 o; rep. from * to end.

7th row.—3 p. * 1 g., 5 p; rep. from * ending 1 g., 3 p.

8th row.—2 p., * 1 g., 2 p., 3 g., 2 p., 1 g., 3 p; rep. from * ending 2 p. instead of 3 p.

9th row.—1 p., * 1 g., 2 p., 2 g., 1 p., 2 g., 2 p., 1 g., 1 p; rep. from * to end.

10th row.—1 g., * 3 p., 1 g.; rep. from * to end. **11th row.**—As 9th row. **12th row.**—As 8th row. **13th row.**—As 7th row. **14th row.**—As 6th row. **15th row.**—As 5th row. **16th row.**—As 4th row. **17th row.**—As 3rd row. **18th row.**—As 2nd row. **19th row.**—As 1st row. These 19 rows form Fair Isle pattern.

Continue in main patt. and primrose wool until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 35 sts., cast off 15 sts., work 35 sts. Work on the last set of 35 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the remaining 35 sts. Join wool at neck edge and work to correspond with the last set of 35 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 74 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles, k. 2 tog. (73 sts.). Work the 19 rows Fair Isle patt. Inc. 1 st. (74 sts. again). Change to main patt. Work 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 88 sts. and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after armhole shaping (86 sts.). Work 2 ins. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 43 sts. (place the remaining 43 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the first set of 43 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Continue for 1 in., casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 43 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the centre edge and work to correspond with the first set of 43 sts.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles, cast on 124 sts. Rib for 1 in., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. With a No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back openings. Press all seams. Work 2 button loops on the right hand side of back opening. Sew on buttons to the left hand side of back opening.

END

Miss Gulch And The Spy

(*Continued from page* 27)

emotionally, holding out his right hand to her.

The spy was rattling his enamel mug against the window when she returned. She drew it open.

Mr. Blaze smiled engagingly. "I knew you'd come around." "What's your name?" said the stranger disarmingly. He swung a leg over the sill.

"Stop! Stop where you are!" Miss Gulch fluttered nervously. "I'll . . . I'll give you some tea," she said hopefully.

"Tell me your name." Another leg joined its fellow.

"I'm Miss Gulch. Don't come any nearer!"

Mr. Blaze didn't come any nearer. He sat on the sill and bayed with laughter. "Gulch," he crowed. "Dead Man's Gulch!"

"You'll be a dead man soon!"

"May be. Dead men tell no tales!" He looked speculating.

Ann Gulch came forward with the teapot anxiously. As the brown liquid spurted: "Keep some for yourself dear Gulcho mine."

"Don't worry."

He stirred his tea. "Well, this is nice. You must have tea with me sometime."

"Thank you."

"Come to think of it, what about dinner to-night? I live at the lodge."

As Miss Gulch was preparing her refusal the door opened behind her. "Oh! Ah!" said Mr. Dumbarton, flustered.

"Come in," said the genial gardener, "your secretary just asked me in for a cup of tea and I was retaliating with a dinner invitation."

"I didn't . . ." began Mr. Dumbarton's secretary.

"That's all right, Miss Gulch, I fully understand, of course you must go. Splendid thing! Splendid thing! Indoor-outdoor liaison!" He backed towards the door, babbling as he went.

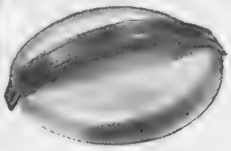
The silence that followed was broken only by the exasperated tap of Miss Gulch's fingers on the desk. "You realize that I am liable to lose my position?"

"Nonsense. I've been wrong about the old coot. I think he has a heart of gold. When do you finish?"

BEEF STEW
cooked in 15 minutes!

That's the sort of time saving you get when you use the 'Prestige' Pressure Cooker. And because you save time you save fuel. The 'Prestige' Pressure Cooker cooks quickly by 'sealing in' the heat which wastes away in an ordinary saucepan. It seals in the flavour and goodness of soups, meats and vegetables. Use the serving cover and bring the food piping hot to the table. Supplies are improving. Keep in touch with your local store or ironmonger.

'Prestige' PRESSURE COOKER



With cooking rack and table serving cover, Instruction and Recipe Book complete 77/6

saves time . . . saves fuel . . . saves flavour

THINGS NEIGHBOURS DON'T TALK ABOUT

by Lady X

"The people next door would never hint at 'house-staleness' which *you* may not notice yet others find so offensive."

You can fill the house with the exhilarating fragrance of fresh sea breezes and guard against infections by using 3 HANDS disinfectant freely throughout the home. A few drops of this modern antiseptic disinfectant, always added to the cleaning water, toilet and kitchen sink, kill the germs that lurk unsuspected in every corner of the home. Ask today for a bottle of 3 HANDS.

3 HANDS ANTISEPTIC DISINFECTANT

WITH THE SEA-BREEZE FRAGRANCE

BRITISH DISINFECTANT CO. LTD., TOTTENHAM, LONDON, N.15

"Chunkys"

(FOR SMALL CHILDREN ONLY)

Sizes 1-3 12/9 (1 coupon) Sizes 4-6 14/3 (2 coupons)

In various colours

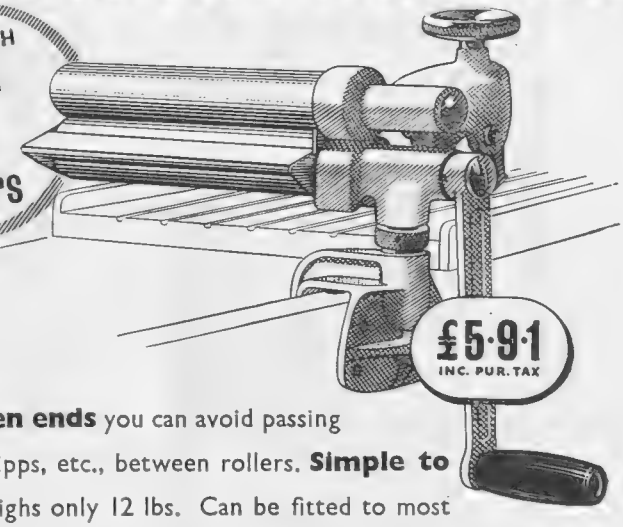
THE "LUXURY" BOOTEE WITH THE SOFT *non-slip* SOLE.

Obtainable at most good Shoe Shops, including MANFIELD'S, Lilley & Skinners, Saxone, Dolcis, Benefit Footwear Ltd., Randalls, etc.

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

THIS IS THE WRINGER

WITH open ended rollers



£5·9·1 INC. PUR. TAX

with open ends you can avoid passing buttons, zipps, etc., between rollers. **Simple to fix,** it weighs only 12 lbs. Can be fitted to most sinks with least effort. Water drains directly into sink; no mess, no lifting. **No stand required.** Alternative table bracket also available. **Easy to use.** Permanently lubricated bearings ensure smooth running. **No trouble to store.** Can be tucked away into any corner without dismantling.

This is the lightest wringer doing the heaviest work.

PARNALL WRINGLET

OBTAINABLE FROM THE BEST HARDWARE STORES

KERFOOTS
MEDICINAL
PASTILLES

based on the skill
and experience of
three generations

KERFOOT

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley Lancashire

P4

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores and Stationers

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT, LONDON, W.1

"I'm not coming."

Mr. Blaze appeared not to have heard her. "I'll pick you up at six. Must pop off now and liquidate the fatted calf."

He vanished.

The buzzer buzzed. Mr. Dumbarton thumped his desk. "Magnificently done! You've hooked him, Now to play him. Keep leading him on and try and store up every remark he makes. Let me have a little report on it to-morrow." He rubbed his hands. "What a surprise for the Home Secretary if we bag him single-handed. That's all, Miss Gulch." He rubbed his hands again.

"I'VE changed my shirt," said the gardener at the window.

Miss Gulch put the cover on her typewriter. "I don't know why I'm coming."

"Virtue," he said piously, "has its own reward."

"I think I'd better meet you in the drive."

"Old Caesar the jealous type? All right, five minutes you have."

Miss Gulch took ten. When she was halfway to the gates Mr. Blaze plunged out of the trees. "Doing anything to-night, Gorgeous?"

"Oh, hallo."

He fell in alongside. "I'm certain you'll enjoy this, I've invited a Mr. Tornebroche to chaperone us."

"I hope he speaks English."

"With a dreadful accent. He's a French poodle."

"Oh!"

Mr. Blaze led the way into the hall. "You might," he said, taking her coat, "cast your eye over the dinner preparations. That is, if you don't mind."

"Not at all."

The kitchen was full of steam. "Stay where you are!" He disappeared and she heard windows being opened. When they could see each other he pointed at the stove. "Like to check?"

Ann Gulch lifted the pot lids delicately. "It looks delicious."

Mr. Blaze returned her to a chair in the parlour. From the doorway he said, "If you get bored, lay the table. The stuff's in that cupboard."

When she was alone Miss Gulch went over to the cupboard and found a cloth. She found something else, too, which gave her a fright. Under the cloth in the corner was the muzzle of a black automatic. She stood stock still for a moment, her eyes dilated. When her heart was steady again she shut the cupboard doors and spread the cloth thoughtfully on the table. An awful feeling had obsessed her that Mr. Dumbarton was probably right.

She lit a cigarette with a hand that shook discernibly, noted the telephone in the corner, and decided to be very careful.

AT eight o'clock, Miss Gulch politely refused the offer of a galloping escort and cycled down the road alone. At eight ten, she cycled cautiously back again. The light was still on in the lodge, and she leant her cycle carefully against the hedge.

She crept nearer. At this precise moment the door was flung open, showing a yellow path across the drive. Miss Gulch, holding her breath, pressed against the chill stone of a gate-post. The gardener came out carrying a suitcase.

He was singing robustly. The yellow path vanished with the slam of the door and she heard the crunch of his boots moving off up the drive. She found herself thinking of the "Scarlet Pimpernel." She also found herself thinking that Mr. Dumbarton must be right.

With a pounding heart she flitted after him, keeping to the verge.

Mr. Blaze didn't pause at the front, but continued leisurely round the east wing. The girl watched him from behind a tree. A torch beam leapt suddenly to light, and she saw the key poised. Fascinated, she watched the door swing inwards and the light probe inside. Miss Gulch suffered a moment of indecision. Finger to lip, she regretted momentarily that the spy should be such a prepossessing young man, and under different circumstances. . . .

On the tail of the thought she fled back down the drive. In the front room she felt for, and

Miss Gulch And The Spy

found the automatic. Then she fell upon the telephone.

Dennis Blaze returned singing down the drive. God was in his starry heaven and all was right with the world. Little did he know that his own particular world was about to tumble round his ears. He entered the lodge swinging the case.

A moment later the song died on his lips and the case thumped to the floor. "Good gracious!" he said, and blinked.

"Don't move!" Miss Gulch held the gun in both hands pointing straight at his middle.

"Are you all right?" He took a step forward anxiously.

"Stop or I fire! Now sit in that chair."

"As you wish," said Mr. Blaze. "Now tell me," he went on pleasantly, "Am I supposed to be an escaped convict?"

Miss Gulch who was looking very tense and white-faced, sat down abruptly. "The police are on their way," she said warningly.

Dennis Blaze sunk his head in his hands. "I tried to go straight," he said hoarsely. "Ever since I was a kid. But it's hard when you see your own mother starving!" His voice broke a little.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Blaze," said the girl softly.

"Please . . . please call me Dennis. It may be for the last time, and . . . and I'll call you Gulch."

"My first name is Ann," said the girl not quite so softly.

The swish of tyres in the drive put an abrupt end to the dream. Two men in plain clothes entered with a policeman behind them. "Hullo, Dennis," said the older man unexpectedly. He studied the tableau. "What's happening?"

Mr. Blaze, whose misery seemed to have undergone a strange metamorphosis, grinned. "This young lady has me covered for something."

The colour started to come back to the girl's face.

"This man is a spy," she snapped. "I caught him breaking into the offices of the Industrial Relations Council. He's got something in that bag."

"I was getting some clothes," said the culprit.

"Getting some clothes?" said Miss Gulch.

"Yes. You see, until last week that was my home. I've leased it to the Government."

"Oh!" said Miss Gulch. There was a thoughtful silence.

The older man started to laugh. "A fortunate thing I was at the station when the call came through."

"By the way," said Dennis Blaze. "this is Mr. Montague Scott, the Chief Constable; Miss Ann Gulch."

"How do you do," said the girl weakly.

"How do you do, Miss Gulch. Well, Young," he turned to his subordinate, "we can go home."

Mr. Young cleared his throat. "Has the young gentleman a licence for that fire-arm?"

"I'm afraid not," said the young gentleman. "Y'see, the barrel's sealed. It's actually a cigarette lighter."

Miss Gulch stamped the piled carpet ineffectually and threw down the gun. "Have you just been sitting there letting me make a fool of myself?" She bit her lip and marched angrily out of the room.

The Chief Constable looked meditative. "We could have done with a spy," he said longingly.

MISS GULCH at her typewriter heard the window slide open behind her. Her mouth became a little more obstinate. A pair of brown hands descended on her eyes.

"Guess who?" said the resonant voice.

"Cary Grant," said Miss Gulch, wriggling.

"Ah, well," the gardener moved round in front of her, "It's a mistake anyone might make. What about dinner to-night, Annie? Leaving your cloak and dagger behind."

"Do I have to sit holding a cigarette lighter all night?"

Mr. Blaze bent closer. "I'll tell you a secret. It really is a pistol and it was loaded, but I didn't have a licence."

END

Weetabix

is the whole-wheat grain malted, salted, and toasted

WEETABIX, Britain's favourite all-wheat breakfast cereal contains the whole of wheat in its most nourishing and appetizing form.

Although Weetabix is best known as a breakfast food, it is actually very much more—it is a meal in a moment, in itself, for every member of the family.

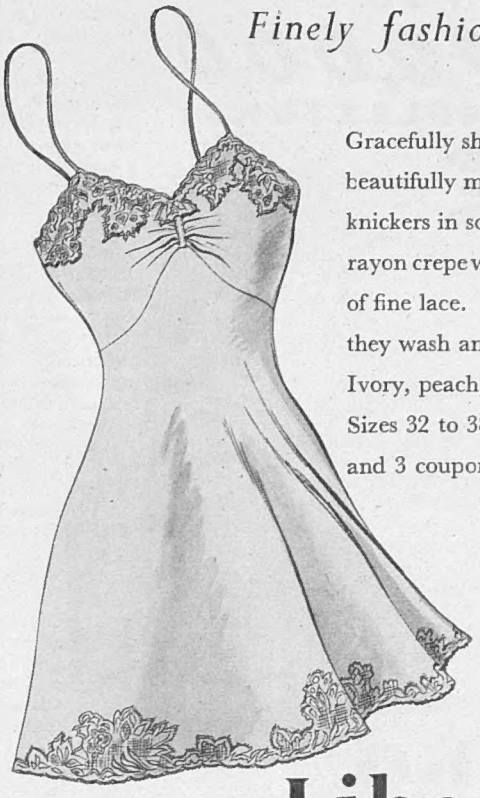
You will find Weetabix delicious with a little milk and sugar, but when milk is short, fruit, fruit juice, jam, margarine or a savoury are all equally popular. In the hands of a good cook, Weetabix lends itself admirably to the preparation of many cooked dishes as a substitute for pastry, breadcrumbs, or filling.

8½D & 1/3 PER PACKET

Weetabix

the whole-wheat cereal food

Finely fashioned!



Gracefully shaped and beautifully made cami-knickers in soft matt rayon crepe with an appliqué of fine lace. You will find they wash and wear well. Ivory, peach, and sky blue. Sizes 32 to 38. Price 67/- and 3 coupons.

Liberty

of Regent Street

I'M GLAD MUM'S BETTER!

WHEN DOES MY PARTY START, MUM?
OH, DONT WORRY ME DEAR. IVE A DREADFUL HEADACHE
SHE TOOK YEAST-VITE
OH DEAR! I CANT GO ON-POP NEXT DOOR AND SEE IF Mrs BROWN HAS ANY YEAST-VITE
CERTAINLY LOVE HERE YOU ARE - MUST HAVE MUMMY FIT FOR THE PARTY
LATER
I'M GLAD MUMMY'S HEADACHE HAS GONE!

If you suffer from **HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS, NEURALGIA OR SLEEPLESSNESS,** try Yeast-Vite Tablets yourself.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets, 1/6 & 3/8

Light your Gas Stove

with a

FUSILIER GAS LIGHTER

INSTANT LIGHTING — LASTS FOR YEARS

Obtainable from good Retailers everywhere

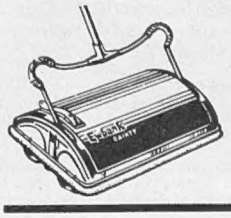
6/- each FL9

THE FUSILIER CO LTD LONDON S.W.1

Pick up crumbs, dust, grit and litter quickly, easily and quietly with the

Ewbank

CARPET SWEEPER



Although supplies are still very limited, *you'll be thankful you waited for a Ewbank!*

LADY'S RIBBED CARDIGAN (with long or short sleeves) in 3-ply "Excelsior" LEAFLET No. 1475 Price 5d. from your wool-shop (6d. by post)

Triumphant Try-out!

Good news from your mirror when you parade in this huggable cardigan. Your very own knitting—you'll be glad you so faithfully followed the easy Copley instructions and never once changed the ply or needle sizes.

Copley's

—a joy to knit -and a joy to wear!

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS, LTD., MANCHESTER

HAVE YOU
140,000
COMPLEXIONS?

If you're a blonde, you have about 140,000 hairs on your head, and each one is a 'complexion' made in much the same way as the skin of your face. That is why you must use Koko, the startling new *cosmetic* shampoo. It whisks at once into a foamy lather, melts away dirt, dust, dandruff, dimness. A special ingredient 'conditions' your hair, making it pliable and easy to set; giving you 140,000 dazzling, radiant, lustrous 'complexions'. A large tube (3/6d. from chemists, hairdressers and stores, or post-free from Koko-Maricopas Co. Ltd., 3 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4) will give you 5 beauty-treatment shampoos.

KOKO REGD.
CREAM SHAMPOO
for hair beauty culture

MAKE MILK A TREAT

Even children who normally don't like milk eat it eagerly as creamy, velvety Little Miss Muffet Junket. It's delicious and the most healthful and digestible of all milk sweets. Made with lukewarm—not boiling—milk, the valuable vitamins are retained. Being made from liquid rennet you get the full value of the rennet enzyme, which breaks up the heavy milk curd. Easy to prepare — made in a minute and set in ten.

Little MISS MUFFET JUNKETS

Still only 7½d. for 3 pint-size Junkets

Four Fruit Flavours

RASPBERRY • ORANGE • LEMON • VANILLA

Sole Distributors: Lewis A. May (Little Miss Muffet) Ltd., Copthall House, London, E.C.2. (13)

POST YOUR FILMS to WILL R. ROSE LTD
23, Bridge St. Row, Chester
133/134, High Street, Oxford
25, The Promenade, Cheltenham
and get 'MAGNA' Prints (Reg.)

Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

like Grandpa and postmistress Runyon as actual and memorable as the children, Ralph and Molly. Definitely a story that is "different."

The Michael Joseph imprint has also acquired a quality tradition for the discerning novel reader who wants something more than just a "tale." A first novel by Miss Laurian Jones, Enid Bagnold's daughter—**"Prince Leopold and Anna"** (8s. 6d.)—presents the story of an English girl who marries a German prince, lives in their castle home while he fights and is taken captive on the Russian front, and gives refuge to British prisoners. It is a touching story of love and loneliness in an enemy country, tested by conflicting loyalties and divided patriotism. Here, too, the style is simple—not always with the simplicity of the expert but of the amateur.

We know what to expect from Miss Naomi Jacob—a modern love story of strong human interest with a backward glance at war, a forward one to the Italy she makes her home. **"A Passage Perilous"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) tells of the 1918 marriage of Capt. Hallam and a V.A.D. both of whom agreed to let bygones be bygones—in his case a love affair in Italy, in hers a romantic London weekend. How the second war raises both these buried ghosts to disturb twenty years' happiness brings drama to a nicely wrought theme.

Remembering an enchanting visit to Mr. H. A. Vachell's Widcombe Manor on the hills above Bath, I note with pleasure that his **"Quiet Corner"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) is a Bath stone house in a walled garden, high above the kind of vale he knows and loves. When a young airman inherits it from his aunt who hopes he will marry he is in love with Felicity. Enter two civil servant billetees who, in his absence, change the happy layout. . . . Need one say that it is a love story as mellow in texture and colour as the stone?

Dr. Johnson as sleuth in some eighteenth-century mysteries, with Boswell as Dr. Watson narrator! Miss Lillian de la Torre has the skill as well as the cheek to make the adaptation both agreeable and entertaining in **"Dr. Sam. Johnson, Detector"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), a series of robbery, murder and episodes in which the Doctor's vast common sense probes all the clues. Why not Shakespeare in the C.I.D., madam?

Wasn't your heart touched by the once-lovely Edwardian beauties whose dream-life was harshly rounded by war queues and buzz-bombs? What squalor after such splendour! Miss Joan Morgan tells the story of one in **"The Lovely and the Loved"** (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.), and it might be called Flavia, Viscountess Fingledon's progress from Wilde to wilderness, from orchids to 'orror. Women will enjoy this salute to the Flavias and all they stood for.

While Flavia was conquering hearts in London and on her travels Nevada Medford of Mr. Richard Burke's **"Reluctant Hussy"** (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.) was setting out on a wild adventure in 1904 'Frisco. Daughter of a mining promoter, she was out to tame her father's business rival and renowned lady-killer, masquerading as a famous French beauty. The complications that ensue make a high-spirited U.S. story.

Mr. Patrick Quentin has written Puzzles for Fools, Players, Puppets, Wantons, Fiends. His latest Peter Duluth detective story, **"Puzzle for Pilgrims"** (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) is an intriguing affair of criss-cross love, blackmail, poison capsules and double murder in Mexico.

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:

FICTION

A new novel by Neil Gunn is a noteworthy, if unpredictable, event. **"The Shadow"** (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.) deals with the violence of the contemporary world as seen through the eyes of a young Scotswoman, herself a victim of this violence. An exciting, haunting story and its implications afford a playground for the thoughtful mind. **"The Best Short Stories of M. P. Shiel"** selected and with a foreword by John Gawsworth (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.); **"The Swan Sang Once,"** by Marjorie Carleton (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Messiah," by Julian Herbage and **"The Golden Age of Vienna,"** by Hans Gal are the first two titles in a new series **"The World of Music"** (Parrish, 6s. each). Profusely illustrated with contemporary prints. **"The Adoration of the Kings,"** by Jan Gossaert or Mabuse as he is commonly known, is the subject of the nineteenth and latest Gallery Book (Lund Humphries, 4s. 6d.) Introduction by Max J. Friedlander; **"Bamboo, Lotus and Palm"** an anthology of the Far East by E. D. Edwards (Hodge, 10s. 6d.); **"Decadence,"** a philosophical inquiry by C. E. M. Joad (Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"The Colony,"** a portrait of the world-famous New York restaurant and its famous recipes by Iles Brody (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.).

Four new Faber Gallery Books, **"Mantegna,"** by R. H. Wilenski, **"Cezanne,"** by Adrian Stokes, **"Isabella's Triumph,"** by James Laver, and **"Hogarth,"** by William Gaunt, 6s. each.

END

Is Anaesthesia Old-Fashioned?

(*Continued from page* 43)

MANY and varied are the schools of thought on this whole subject, and not a few to-day are beginning to ask whether we cannot learn something even from veterinary experience too, for birth in that world often seems a happier affair than with human beings. The National Birthday Trust has courageously fought the battle of the masses of women who cannot afford nursing home confinement, and who in the past did in fact all too frequently have to "get on with it" without preliminary education of mind or body and without analgesia. The Minett gas and air analgesia owes much to their campaigning efforts and new experiments are in progress with Trilene. They have at the same time tried to give greater physical and emotional education to mothers to be through their admirable sychronome lectures which are also printed, for mothers to take home. The National Council for Maternity and Infant Welfare Centres have, in addition, just issued a pamphlet of pre-natal and post natal exercises which can be done by mothers to be at home with the approval of their doctors or nurses. They are planned to help not only figure recovery but the confinement itself.

As for hypnosis, it is of course something that medicine has long known and sometimes used for the relief of pain. But is it the real solution that women seek for childbirth? We seem to-day rather at the threshold of vast new possibilities for really happy and triumphant motherhood. May it not be that the greatest service that Dr. Dick Read has performed is in showing us the need for new insight and understanding that shall govern a new approach to the whole subject.

LEN CHALLONER

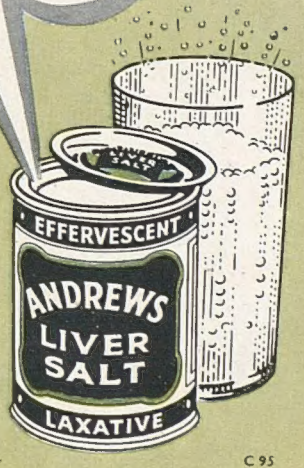
PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

1.5.48

EXCUSE ME...

Inner Cleanliness comes first

Here's a simple health rule for all the family—Inner Cleanliness with Andrews. A glass of pleasant-tasting Andrews, taken whenever the need arises, will keep the system sweet and clean and help to guard against minor digestive upsets. FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness. FINALLY: To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood.



C 95

ANDREWS REFRESHING · TONIC · LAXATIVE

BIRD'S CUSTARD

Best known – best liked

BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES